MONTANA

the big sky country

S
917.86
H6MBSC
1964
1

CENTENNIAL EDITION 52

TREASURE STATE: Land of the High Sky
A. B. Guthrie 3
One of Montana's most gifted residents: Literary Doctor, Montana State University; Nieman Fellow at Harvard; newsman; teacher of creative writing, Kentucky University; Pulitzer Prize winner for distinguished fiction in 1950; hailed for four great Western history-fiction books: *The Big Sky, The Way West, These Thousand Hills* and *The Big It*. Here he lays it on the line—Montana as it is!

THE PURE WEST
John Steinbeck 6
Pulitzer and Nobel Prize winner; one of the truly prolific and distinguished American authors, with such great credits as *Tortilla Flat, Of Mice and Men, Grapes of Wrath, The Moon Is Down, The Wayward Bus, Russian Journal* and *The Winter of Our Discontent*, discovered the Big Sky Country. Here, from his best selling *Travels with Charley*, the erudite Californian confesses an unabashed love affair with Montana!

JUST PLAIN PREJUDICED
Dorothy M. Johnson 11
A Montana gal from the beautiful Whitefish Lake region who toiled long in the magazine and editorial vineyards of New York City, finally came home. Author of *Indian Country* and *The Hanging Tree* (the movie version starred Montanan, Gary Cooper) as well as countless top-flight magazine articles and short stories; currently professor of journalism at Montana State University and secretary-manager of the Montana Press Association. Like Steinbeck, is also prejudiced about the Treasure State.

MONTANA TERRITORY: FRONTIER STYLE
Robert H. Fletcher 15
Because he wrote the best of all western folk lyrics (put to music by Cole Porter) *Don't Fence Me In;* the spritely book of verse, *Corral Dust;* inspired and created Montana's unique and flavorsome historical highway markers; and the definitive cowboy-rangeland history of Montana, *Free Grass to Fences*—Bob Fletcher has long been called "Montana's Poet Lariat." He proves his mettle again (and his pioneer Yellowstone country ancestry) with this easy frontier assay of a few rich veins.

THE FOUR MOODS OF MONTANA
Michael Stephen Kennedy. 20
A one-time supervisor of the Federal Writers' Program for Montana, responsible for editing such books as *Copper Camp; Land of Nakoda; Montana: A Profile; Montanans' Humorous Golden Anniversary Almanac* and others; and in his own right, *The Assiniboines* (Oklahoma Press, 1961); who currently directs "the most widely-read journal of authentic regional history in existence", *MONTANA, The Magazine of Western History*, turns from history to meteorological observation—the four distinctive natural air-conditioned events of Montana climatology, sometimes misunderstood by outsiders.

PEERLESS PLAYGROUND
Bill Browning. 29
Because of the Big Sky Country's colorful history, its unspoiled and untamed reaches of wilderness and its unexploited, still-frontier-flavored vast open spaces—plus unexcelled fishing, hunting, skiing and scenic beauty, tourism has become a ranking industry. This, briefly, tells why big city multitudes turn to Majestic Montana. Bill is the energetic, resourceful photographer-writer who directs promotion for the Montana Chamber of Commerce.

COWBOY ARTIST C. M. RUSSELL
Michael Stephen Kennedy 32
The untutored lad of 16 who came to the territory in 1880, outgrew the wild days in cow-town saloons and finally became, in both legend and fact, Montana's most beloved citizen and her greatest ambassador abroad, is given the mention that he so richly deserves —although altogether too brief.

ART AND HISTORY
Special Bonus Insert . . six-page fold out at center fold
Three rare, previously unpublished Charles M. Russell paintings from one of the greatest private collections of Western Americana —C. R. Smith, President of American Airlines, New York City.

HIGHLIGHTS OF A YEAR-LONG BIRTHDAY
Major Centennial Celebration Events. 35

MONTANA BOOKS
Harold G. Merriam 43
Rhodes Scholar; Dean Emeritus of the Department of English, Montana State University; long-time Editor of Montana's most scintillating "little magazine," *Frontier and Midlands;* introducer of one of the West's most recent great books, *Frontier Omnibus* (edited by John Hakola, MSU Press, 1962) and editor of the popular, just-published *Recollections of Charley Russell*, from the unpublished papers of one of Montana's most honored writers, Frank Bird Linderman (U. of Oklahoma Press, 1963), offers sound advice on the most beloved and memorable books.

THE MEN AND WOMEN WHO MADE IT POSSIBLE
Montana's Centennial Commission 46

AMBASSADOR ON WHEELS
Montana's Centennial Train. 56
The gaudiest, goldangest multi-million dollar circus on wheels since Ringling Brothers, Barnum & Bailey and Buffalo Bill Cody's Wild West will take to the road eastward in April to tell The Montana Story. This exciting 25-car special will visit in, or near, 24 of our greatest states in a spectacular 30-day marathon of cowboy and Indian parades. The tour includes a parade down Pennsylvania Avenue in the Nation's Capitol and a visit to the New York World's Fair—where it later will be exhibited for two years. Here are some facts on this fabulous venture.

RUSTIC REPLICA AMID MODERN ABSTRACTION
Montana at the New York World's Fair. 57

MONTANA, the big sky country
Official Publication of the Montana Territorial Centennial Commission
NUMBER ONE VOLUME ONE ONLY ONE 1964

Editor: MICHAEL STEPHEN KENNEDY

Associate Editors: BILL BROWNING, DAN CUSHMAN, BOB FLETCHER, BUD GUTHRIE, DOROTHY JOHNSON, HAROLD MERRIAM, ED ROBERTS, BOB ROCKHOLD, JOHN STEINBECK

Editorial Assistants: VALERIE ANDERSON, NORMA BEATTY, JO DYE, ANNE HARRISBERGER, ANN HOSS, DONNA MUFFICK

Art Director: WAYNE SMITH
Assisted by BOB MORGAN and WOLFGANG POGZEBA

Advertising: BILL CHASE AND TOM JUDGE

Picture Editor: BILL BROWNING

Photographers and Photo Assistants: CHET DREHER, Chief; JACK BREED, BILL BROWNING, ORVIN FJARE, DON and STELLA FOOTE, J. GERDTS, MARVIN KALLAND, ERNST PETERSON, GORDON PLATTS, WALT SILL, BERT SMITH, DORRIS STALKER.

Published for the State of Montana and The Montana Territorial Centennial Commission (a non-profit organization) by Ashton Printing and Engraving Co., Butte, Montana, assisted by Holden Printing Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota. Entered as second class matter by Postmaster Hugh Kirkendal Potter at the U. S. Postoffice, Helena, Montana, Jan. 1st, 1964. All materials herein are the joint property of The Montana Territorial Centennia Commission, 304 North Ewing, Helena, Montana, and The Montana Historical Society, Roberts at Fifth Avenue, Helena, Montana. Other than brief passages used for review purposes none of this may be used in any form without specific approval of the two agencies involved.

Cover Subject: IN THE ENEMY'S COUNTRY
by Charles M. Russell, © F. G. Renner, Washington, D. C.

A small band of Kootenai Indians—lowly fish-eaters from west of the Rockies —as they were thought of by the fierce and majestic Plains Tribes (but not so by CMR)—are attempting a foray through savage Blackfeet buffalo country without being detected by Piegan enemies. They have chosen their darkest horses, have thrown buffalo robes over their saddles (fur side up) and are even carrying their principal weapons point down to avoid the slightest reflection in the sun. Each wary rider walks beside the shoulder of his alerted horse, hoping that from a distance the sharp-eyed Piegans might be deceived into believing them a small band of buffalo. This was the kind of primitive majesty that The Cowboy Artist first noted among all Indians during his earliest years in Montana Territory in the 1880's; and this was his wife Nancy's version of the inspiration for this most moving masterpiece by Charley (several years after his death) when the great painting was purchased from Mrs. Russell at Trail's End in Pasadena by C. R. Smith, President of American Air Lines. The painting was later acquired by one of the world's leading Russell experts, Mr. Fred G. Renner of Washington, D.C., who secured the present copyright in February, 1950. *In the Enemy's Country* is now owned by a prominent private collector in a western state. But Montana is fortunate, indeed, that all parties concerned readily gave permission to use this perfect subject, in full color, for its first published appearance as the stiking cover of this official Montana Territorial Centennial publication. All rights continue to reside with Mr. Renner, a former Montanan, to whom we are deeply indebted.—M.K.

Montana State Library
3 0864 1005 8503 6
S
9N.96
T278m

CELEBRATING
a colorful century

WELCOME TO MONTANA, the land of friendly people, abundant resources, opportunity and scenic splendor. We of the Treasure State will be pleased to see you in 1964, the year of our Montana Territorial Centennial. Best wishes.

Mike Mansfield

Mike Mansfield, Majority Leader
United States Senate

GREETING FROM THE TREASURE STATE... The Big Sky Country will be the scene of a year-long celebration in 1964, celebrating its 100th anniversary as a Territory and its 75th birthday as a State. From the short grass prairies of the east dotted with oil derricks and covered by waving fields of grain, bands of sheep and herds of cattle, to the Shining Mountains of the west, all our people join me in inviting you to help us celebrate. A year-long schedule of events will be staged, with historical pageants, rodeos, parades, fairs, Indian pageants and dances, ski meets, car races, festivals and sporting events; yes, and time for relaxation too, where the sky is big and blue, the air fresh and invigorating, and where there is room to move around. We are proud of the land first described by Lewis and Clark, the home of the legendary Mountain men and proud Indian tribes, and later made famous by that most famous of cowboy artists, Charles Russell. Although we are in the forefront of our nation's defense with our Minuteman Missiles, we still have a lot of the old rugged west to show you, and as Charlie Russell would say—The Latch String's Out!

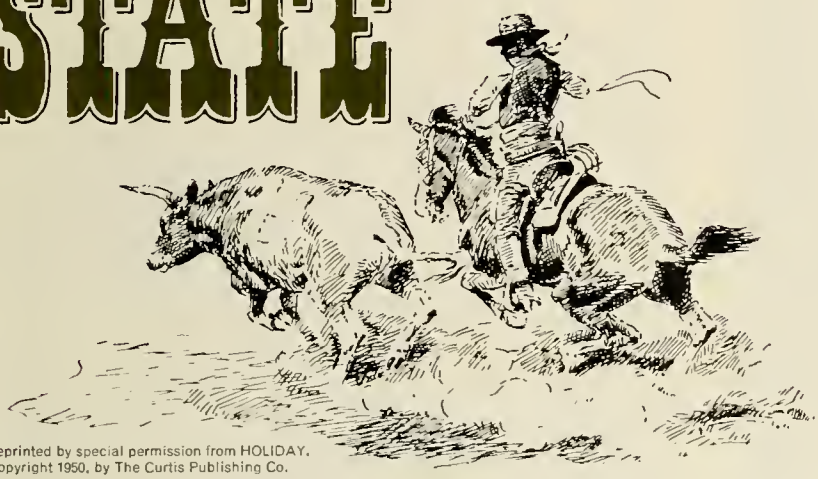
Tim Babcock

Tim Babcock, Governor

LAND OF THE HIGH SKY

by A. B. Guthrie, Jr.

TREASURE STATE



Reprinted by special permission from HOLIDAY.
Copyright 1950, by The Curtis Publishing Co.

Buy the boys a round in the extra-sovereign state of Montana, and you leave the change—in silver dollars—on the bar, presumably to show you're ready to put out for another. Even though petty chiselers—Easterners, of course—sometimes make the practice costly, it's not the best of form to pocket your money till your thirst is quenched. The rule goes for an official of the Anaconda (copper mining) Company or a blue-jeaned hay hand, who, incidentally, would insist he has as much right and obligation to set 'em up as any nabob. ✳ The amenity is revealing. Free spending is a habit among Montanans, an attitude toward money perhaps stemming from the mountain man, who was contemptuous of possessions, or from the gold miner, who thought he always could make another strike, or from the stockman, who might be broke but never was broken. ✳ One night in the small wheat-cattle town of Choteau a character we will call Pete asked the bartender to set out a round. Pete was a first-generation American. Money came hard to him. All his life he had done the world's drudge work. ✳ "What's the matter, Pete?" the bartender asked. "Don't you love money?" "Luff money!" Pete answered, drawing himself up. "Luff money! I hate da dom stuff." ✳ His fellows may not hate it, but neither do they hoard it. And yet, or hence, few Montanans are even moderately rich. The state currently is prosperous. Farmers—pardon, ranchers—the biggest single element of population, do better individually that those in almost any of the other Northwestern states. In cash income, Montana ranks among the top half of all the states. Yet, despite the fact that per capita income has quadrupled since the depression years, the rate of growth has not quite kept pace with the national average. ✳ To discourage an influx of outside plowmen and mail-order wranglers, it might be well to remark here that though income is high, so are costs. The Montana rancher, whether wheat grower or stockman, buys a lot of things that other farmers produce for themselves. He does so partly because he dislikes petty jobs, partly because land and climate in many cases discourage side lines to cereals. So he buys canned vegetables. Maybe he even buys evaporated milk. Yes, milk—and even if he is a stockman. The Montanan, even the Montanan whose place will support a cow, hates the chore of milking just as the old-time puncher did before him. He buys canned cow. ✳ If few men are rich, though, the total income's well divided, among stock growers, wheat ranchers, small businessmen. The only economic giants in the state are the railroads, the Anaconda Company, and the Montana Power Company. More than four fifths of Montana farms and ranches are owner-operated. ✳ Along with open-handedness goes the bent elbow. The bar, by custom and preference, is both social and business headquarters. Some men, only half jokingly, call it the office. Drinks come fast. If you dawdle, you may find them stacked two and three deep in front of you. If you're known, and often if you're not, the solitary drink with which you'd thought to calm yourself becomes a half-dozen. It's hardly necessary to add that you get very calm indeed. ✳ Don't ask for fancy drinks, though, not in the little cow-and-wheat towns. A Martini? Nope. Manhattan? Nope. Stinger? What's that? You can order a John Collins or a Tom Collins or a gin stirrup, but the almost universal drink is the ditchwater highball, often shortened to ditch. ✳ The name came into being about thirty years ago when two judges who were sober as judges and a stockman long absent from the office met at their car after a hunting trip. They dug out a bottle. ✳ The stockman didn't like his whisky neat. He walked over to a nearby irrigation ditch to dilute it. So did the judges. Hence the ditchwater highball.

Hence ditch. By extension the term means tap water plus bourbon. ⁎ One of the reasons the Montanan can drink as he does without having to repent or to engage a specialist to search his psyche is that he spends much of his time out of doors. Another may be that the country's high and dry. The boiling point is low. Alcohol won't stay in the system very long. You have to apply yourself to insure an authentic hangover. ⁎ The bar is not only social and business headquarters; in the little wheat-elevatored towns sitting lonely in the roll of plains, in the small settlements walled in by mountains, it is often the single downtown place that stays alive at night. The drugstores, where youngsters used to gather, close early. Pool halls, those imagined hell holes of yesterday, exist as vestiges, if at all. The young man or woman abroad at night sees just the garish neon of what, by a great feat of the imagination, may be named the cocktail lounge. ⁎ Montanans have a certain tough gaiety, an almost automatic refusal to be downed by circumstances. The Montanan's bloody head, unbowed, sees something funny in the blood. He makes a joke out of it. He buys a drink, not for escape but as defiance. One of them, who knew what it was to be lost in the mountains, said he'd always take a deck of cards with him thereafter. If he got lost, he'd start a game of solitaire, in the certainty that some damn fool would look over his shoulder to ask why he didn't play the red ten on the black jack. ⁎ For all the sometimes rowdy conviviality, a curious distinction still tends to exist between the proper and the improper. Montanans are free if not especially imaginative cussers. Yet I heard an old-timer object to the word "pregnant" in a speech. Wasn't talk for mixed company, he said. Maybe that distinction, now disappearing, arose in earlier days, out of the troubled, lonely minds of men who seldom saw a woman except for an occasional untidy squaw. The early comer, living alone, keeping his own cabin, doing his own cooking, washing his clothes by stringing a wire and suspending his underwear and pants in an irrigation ditch, developed strongly marked attitudes. He still has some of them. ⁎ Another, and different, contradiction exists. Nowhere more than in Montana is sentiment so vociferous for private enterprise, for rugged individualism; yet crimes of violence are rare. Here where the memory of the Henry Rifle—and the Colt—is recent, no one but a game hunter carries a weapon. A man would think as quickly of carrying a grenade as a six-shooter. He would think it crazy to arm himself with a blade. It has long been the boast of boisterous Butte that women on the streets at night are safer there than almost anywhere else in the nation. In this direction, in the surrender of the private impulse for justice or vengeance or plain orneriness, in the recognition of the police power, Montanans are not nearly so rugged individually as the longer-settled hill-billies of the Appalachians. ⁎ In Montana the reliance on group action goes back a long way—to the 1860's and the gold fields and the road agents, and the Vigilantes who strung the bandits up, including one Henry Plummer, who held the combined posts of sheriff and chief of the outlaws.

THE OPTIMIST STATE

Yet the sentiment for individuality is real. Montanans may come closest still to believing that any boy can grow up to be President. The reason seems pretty obvious. So many residents of the Treasure State, coming from the East, coming from Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Scotland, Ireland, found opportunity waiting. They incline to forget that those

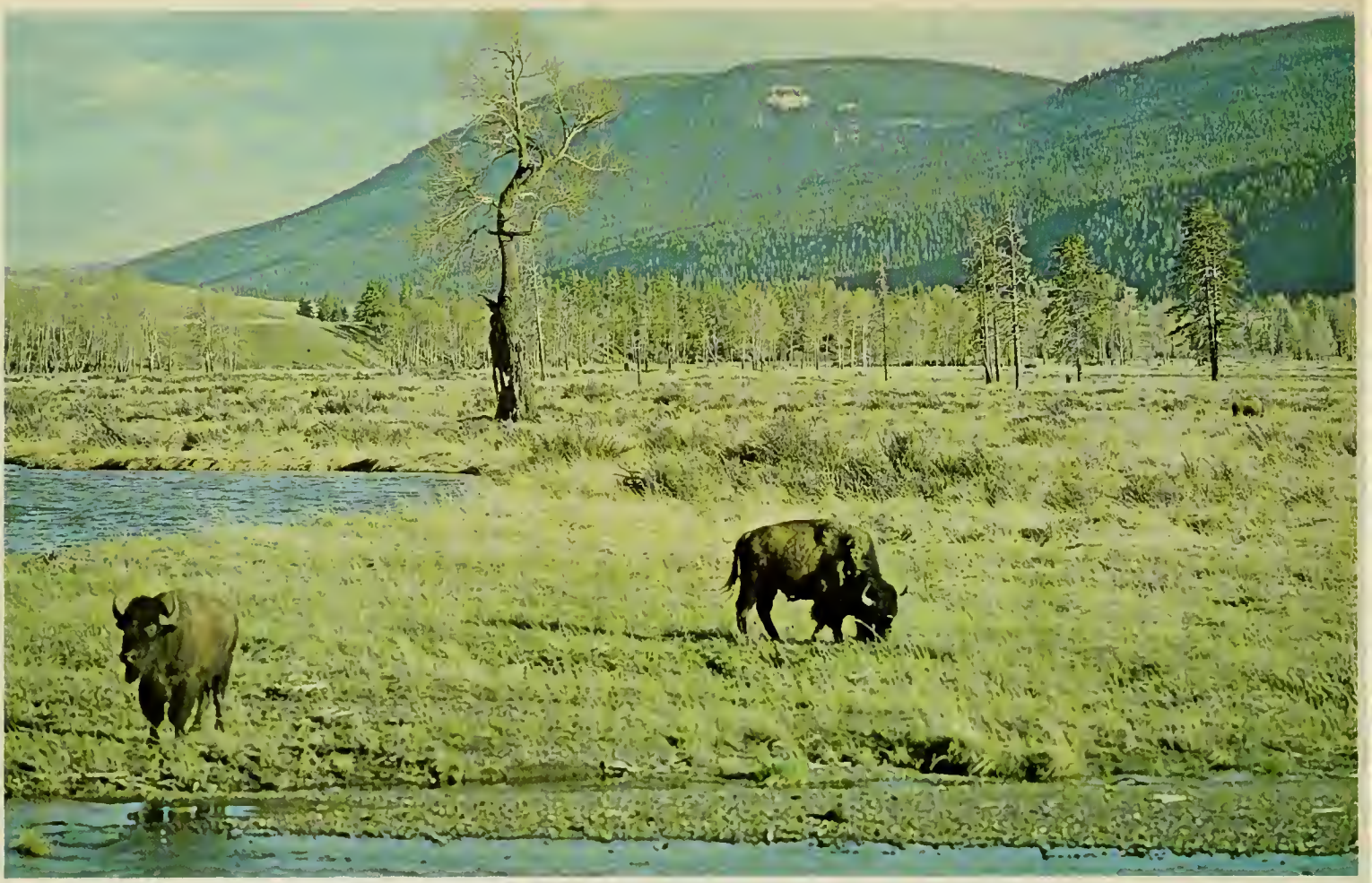
(Continued on page 25)

THE PURE WEST

by John Steinbeck

Printed through the generosity of the distinguished author; under copyright © 1961-2 by The Curtis Publishing Co., Inc., and by special permission of The Viking Press, Inc., N. Y. from the popular book TRAVELS WITH CHARLEY.

This passage in my journey is a love affair. I am in love with Montana. For other states I have admiration, respect, recognition, even some affection, but with Montana it is love, and it's difficult to analyze love when you're in it. Once, when I raptured in a violet glow given off by the Queen of the World, my father asked me why, and I thought he was crazy not to see. Of course I know now she was a mouse-haired, freckle-nosed, scabby-kneed little girl with a voice like a bat and the loving kindness of a gila monster, but then she lighted up the landscape and me. ⁎ It seems to me that Montana is a great splash of grandeur. The scale is huge but not overpowering. The land is rich with grass and color, and the mountains are the kind I would create if mountains were ever put on my agenda. Montana seems to me to be what a small boy would think Texas is like from hearing the Texans. Here for the first time I heard a definite regional accent unaffected by TV-ese, a slow-paced warm speech. ⁎ It seemed to me that the frantic bustle of America was not in Montana. Its people did not seem afraid of shadows in a John Birch Society sense. The calm of the mountains and the rolling grasslands had got into the inhabitants. It was hunting season when I drove through the state. The men I talked to seemed to me not moved to a riot of seasonal slaughter but simply to be going out to kill edible meat. Again my attitude may be informed by love, but it seemed to me that the towns were places to live in rather than nervous hives. People had time to pause in their occupations to undertake the passing art of neighborliness. ⁎ I found I did not rush through the towns to get them over with. I even found things I had to buy to make myself linger. In Billings I bought a hat, in Livingston a jacket, in Butte a rifle I didn't particularly need, a Remington bolt-action 222, second-hand but in beautiful condition. Then I found a telescope sight I had to have, and waited while it was mounted on the rifle, and in the process got to know everyone in the shop and any customers who entered. With the gun in a vise and the bolt out, we zeroed the new sight on a chimney three blocks away, and later when I got to shooting the little gun I found no reason to change it. I spent a good part of a morning at this, mostly because I wanted to stay. But I see that, as usual, love is inarticulate. Montana has a spell on me. It is grandeur and warmth. If Montana had a seacoast, or if I could live away from the sea, I would instantly move there



and petition for admission. Of all the states it is my favorite and my love. ✳ . . . The Missouri River is the boundary between east and west. On [one] side it is eastern landscape, eastern grass, with the look and smell of eastern America. Across, it is pure west, with brown grass and water scorings and small outcrops. The two sides of the river might well be a thousand miles apart. As I was not prepared for the Missouri [River] boundary, so I was not prepared for the Bad Lands. They deserve this name. They are like the work of an evil child. Such a place the Fallen Angels might have built as a spite to Heaven, dry and sharp, desolate and dangerous, and for me filled with foreboding. A sense comes from it that it does not like or welcome humans. But humans being what they are, and I being human, I turned off the highway on a shaley road and headed in among the buttes, but with a shyness as though I crashed a party. The road surface tore viciously at my tires and made Rocinante's [pickup camper truck] overloaded springs cry with anguish. What a place for a colony of troglodytes, or better, of trolls. And here's an odd thing. Just as I felt unwanted in this land, so do I feel a reluctance in writing about it. ✳ Presently I saw a man leaning on a two-strand barbed-wire fence, the wires fixed not to posts but to crooked tree limbs stuck in the ground. The man wore a dark hat, and jeans and long jacket washed palest blue with lighter places at knees and elbows. His pale eyes were frosted with sun glare and his lips scaly as snakeskin. A .22 rifle leaned against the fence beside him and on the ground lay a little heap of fur and feathers—rabbits and small birds. I pulled up to speak to him, saw his eyes wash over Rocinante, sweep up the details, and then retire into their sockets. And I found I had nothing to say to him. The "Looks like an early winter," or "Any good fishing hereabouts?" didn't seem to apply. And so we simply brooded at each other. ✳ . . . A little farther along I stopped at a small house, a section of war-surplus barracks, it looked, but painted white with yellow trim, and with the dying vestiges of a garden, frosted-down geraniums and a few clusters of chrysanthemums, little button things yellow and red-brown. I walked up the path with the certainty that I was being regarded from behind the white window curtains. An old woman answered my knock and gave me the drink of water I asked for and nearly talked my arm off. She was hungry to talk, frantic to talk, about her relatives, her friends, and how she wasn't used to this. For she was not a native and she didn't rightly belong here. Her native clime was a land of milk and honey and had its share of apes and ivory and peacocks. Her voice rattled on as though she was terrified of the silence that would settle when I was gone. As she talked it came to me that she was afraid of this place and, further, that so was I. I felt I wouldn't like to have the night catch me here. ✳ I went into a state of flight, running to get away from the unearthly landscape. And then the late afternoon changed everything. As the sun angled, the buttes and coulees, the cliffs and sculptured hills and ravines lost their burned and dreadful look and glowed with yellow and rich browns and a hundred variations of red and silver gray, all picked out by streaks of coal black. It was so beautiful that I stopped near a thicket of dwarfed and wind-warped cedars and junipers, and once stopped I was caught, trapped in color and dazzled by the clarity of the light. Against the descending sun the battlements were dark and clean-lined, while to the east, where the uninhibited light poured slantwise, the strange landscape shouted with color. And the night, far

from being frightful, was lovely beyond thought, for the stars were close, and although there was no moon the starlight made a silver glow in the sky. The air cut the nostrils with dry frost. And for pure pleasure I collected a pile of dry dead cedar branches and built a small fire just to smell the perfume of the burning wood and to hear the excited crackle of the branches. My fire made a dome of yellow light over me, and nearby I heard a screech owl hunting and a barking of coyotes, not howling but the short chuckling bark of the dark of the moon. This is one of the few places I have ever seen where the night was friendlier than the day. And I can easily see how people are driven back to the Bad Lands. ⁎ . . . At Custer we made a side trip south to pay our respects to General Custer and Sitting Bull on the battle field of Little Big Horn. I don't suppose there is an American who doesn't carry Remington's painting of the last defense of the center column of the 7th Cavalry in his head. I removed my hat in memory of brave men, and Charley [author's poodle companion] saluted in his own manner but I thought with great respect. ⁎ The whole of eastern Montana and the western Dakotas is memory-marked as Injun country, and the memories are not very old either. Some years ago my neighbor was Charles Erskine Scott Wood, who wrote *Heavenly Discourse.* He was a very old man when I knew him, but as a young lieutenant just out of military academy he had been assigned to General Miles and he served in the Chief Joseph campaign. His memory of it was very clear and very sad. He said it was one of the most gallant retreats in all history. Chief Joseph and the Nez Percés with squaws and children, dogs, and all their possessions, retreated under heavy fire for over a thousand miles, trying to escape to Canada. Wood said they fought every step of the way against odds until finally they were surrounded by the cavalry under General Miles and the large part of them wiped out. It was the saddest duty he had ever performed, Wood said, and he had never lost his respect for the fighting qualities of the Nez Percés. "If they hadn't had their families with them we could never have caught them," he said. "And if we had been evenly matched in men and weapons, we couldn't have beaten them. They were men," he said, "Real men." ⁎ I must confess to a laxness in the matter of National Parks. I haven't visited many of them. Perhaps this is because they enclose the unique, the spectacular, the astounding—the greatest waterfall, the deepest canyon, the highest cliff, the most stupendous works of man or nature. And I would rather see a good Brady photograph than Mount Rushmore. For it is my opinion that we enclose and celebrate the freaks of our nation and of our civilization. Yellowstone National Park is no more representative of America than is Disneyland. ⁎ This being my natural attitude, I don't know what made me turn sharply south . . . to take a look at Yellowstone. Perhaps it was a fear of my neighbors. I could hear them say, "You mean you were that near to Yellowstone and didn't go? You must be crazy." Again it might have been the American tendency in travel. One goes, not so much to see but to tell afterward. Whatever my purpose in going to Yellowstone, I'm glad I went because I discovered something about Charley I might never have known. ⁎ A pleasant-looking National Park man checked me in and then he said, "How about that dog? They aren't permitted in except on leash." "Why?" I asked. "Because of the bears." "Sir," I said, "this is an unique dog. He does not live by tooth or fang. He respects the right of cats to be cats although he

(Continued on page 30)

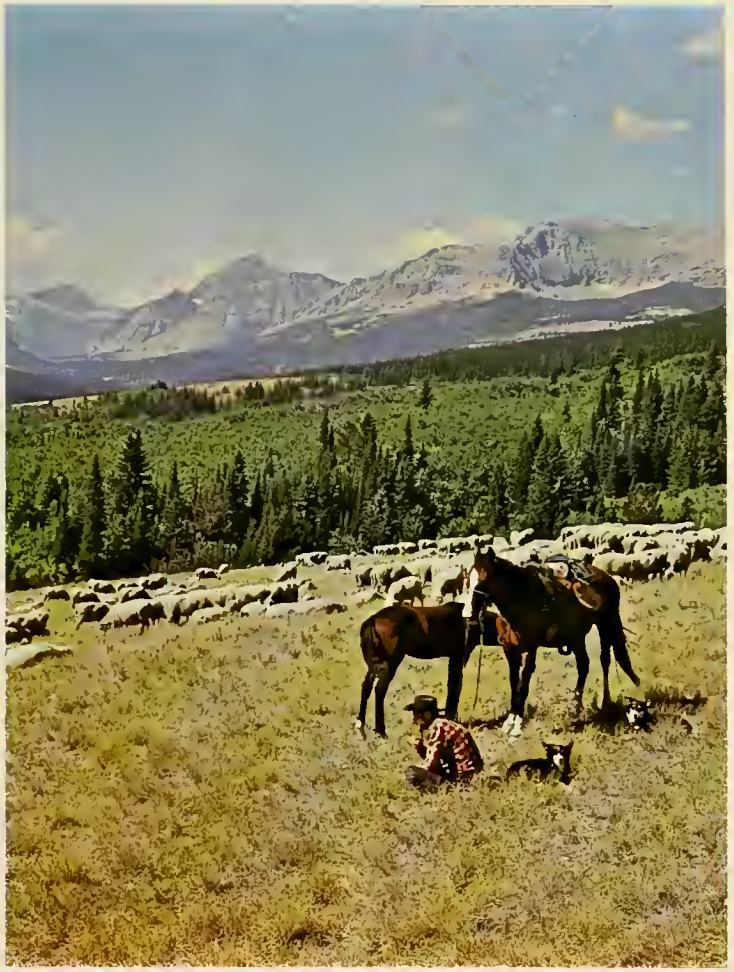
just plain prejudiced!

by Dorothy M. Johnson

Back in 1950, I took a long look at New York City and decided that although I had been residing there for 15 years, I hadn't been *living* anywhere. So I came back home, and it was the wisest decision I ever made. Now I live! There's plenty of air, plenty of room. ⁎ Frankly, I don't want to encourage a lot of other people to come here to live. (The Montana Chamber of Commerce is going to hate me for saying that.) But lots of people should come here to look and relax and enjoy Montana for a while. ⁎ One thing I like about the Big Sky state is that one man is as good as another—yessir, and more so! The bigger you get, the more people will cut you down to size by calling you by your first name. Of course we've got away from the custom, in vogue a hundred years ago, of not asking "What's your name, stranger?" Used to be that such a question wasn't polite or safe. It was proper to ask, "What name do you go by?" because a lot of our pioneers were on the run from somewhere else. ⁎ What to look at while you're in the Treasure State? The mountains are obvious; you don't have to be told to look. You can't help it. But there are people who say that the prairie part of Montana isn't pretty. I snapped back at some strangers once on a train. "How dull, how drab," they murmured. ⁎ I gave them an impassioned lecture: Look at the gentle, changing curves of the land; see the lovely, subtle colors; feel the bigness and grandeur. Maybe I scared them instead of converting them, but they stopped criticizing and started looking. ⁎ I'm downright prejudiced. Magpies and jackrabbits are no darn good, but I even like magpies and jackrabbits if they're Montana magpies and jackrabbits. If my car runs over a Montana skunk, the odor is more interesting than that of foreign runover skunks. ⁎ Sagebrush country without a living thing in sight looks good. It means we have lots of elbow room. Strip-farmed stretches, with broad stripes of gray and green, or brown and autumn gold, are pretty as a picture. So are those great stacks of hay. And cattle loafing instead of grazing—that means prosperity, because cattle loaf when they're too well filled to graze any more. ⁎ Quite a lot of nonsense is talked about "Montana hospitality." We don't rush out and ask a total stranger to come in and rest his saddle and eat a platter-sized beef steak; we're not that lonesome or unsophisticated! We figure tourists have a right to reasonable privacy. But if we see that a stranger is in trouble of some kind and needs help, then we kind of take over as many of his problems as we can. ⁎ A friend of mine from New York drove across the state one August and later wrote me this: "We loved Montana—only one great bewilderment do we have. Where are the houses? Where do people live, outside of towns and cities? You drive along and see a great field of cattle and you think somebody must own these, but you never see a house. Same in town—you fly through a tiny town of five or six buildings but see a hundred cars parked. Whose are they? Where do the people live? We've driven through the West twice now, peering for ranches, and we've never seen one yet." ⁎ I answered: "You saw countless acres of ranches. Their owners were probably shopping at Bergdorf-Goodman, wondering where all the city people were." ⁎ Incidentally, if you see a bunch of ranch buildings upside down off in the distance, it's not because we're disorderly. It's just a mirage and not uncommon. *(end)*

Montana night. A velvet of the sky
Is powdered thick with silver dust. Below,
A realm of half-lights, where black shadows flow
To Stygian lakes, that spread and multiply.
Far to the east the Moccasins rise high
In jagged silhouette. Now, faint and low,
A night bird sounds his call. Soft breezes blow,
Cool with the dampness of a stream hard by.
Dim, ghostly shapes of cattle grazing near
Drift steadily across the ray of light
From a lone cabin; and I think I hear
The barking of a dog. All things unite
To lull the senses of the eye and ear
In one sweet sense of rest; Montana night.

—Elliot C. Lincoln



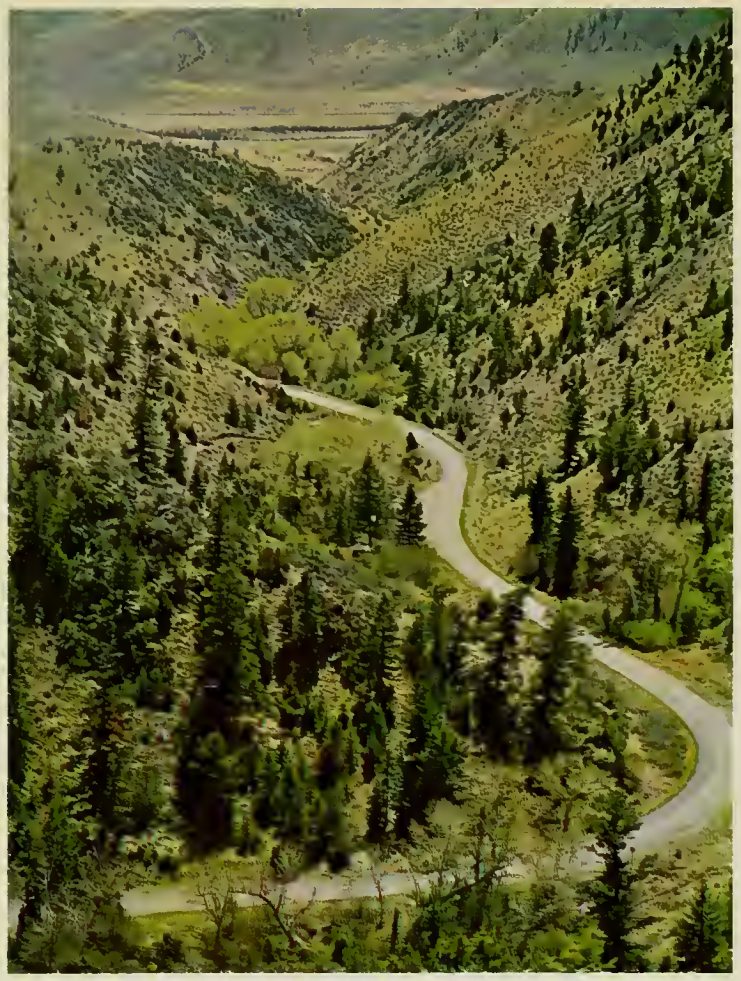
MONTANA TERRITORY

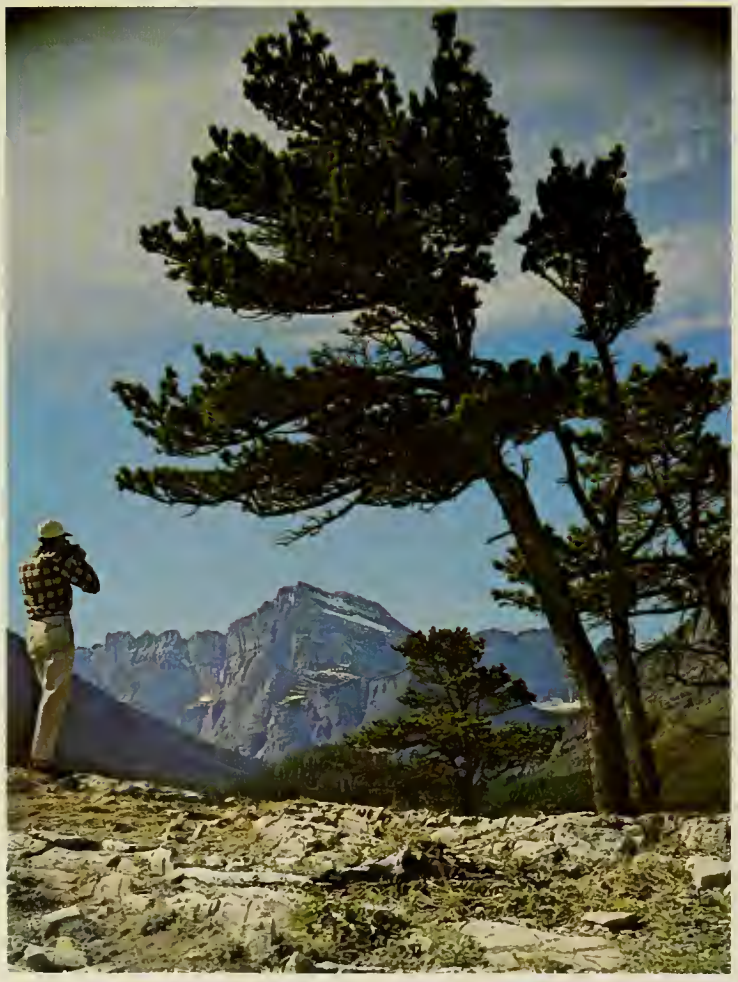
FRONTIER STYLE

by Robert H. Fletcher

When Oregon was split in 1851, The Bitterroot country became part of Washington Territory. For ten years these frontier settlers were Washingtonians. Then another division made them residents of Idaho Territory. With less then fifteen months to get accustomed to this status, they at last became Montanans in 1864. These early Montanans had been under the civil jurisdiction of four territories and six different counties in sixteen years, thereby lending plausibility to the story of four brothers, all born in the same house near present Frenchtown, Montana but each a native of a different territory. ⁎ In 1862 when the first lawsuit within the present boundaries of the Treasure state was tried at Hell's Gate Ronde, a few miles west of Missoula, the locality was part of Idaho Territory; but Idaho had created no courts. In consequence there was no formal law; but this didn't stop Adolphe Dubreuil from bringing suit for damages against Cornelius O'Keefe. Adolphe, better known as "Tin-cup Joe", accused the irascible O'Keefe, better known as "The Baron", of chasing and fatally injuring one of Joe's horses. ⁎ The Baron had a haystack, an air, and an extensive vocabulary. The latter two had won him his unofficial title of nobility. The Baron replied to Joe's allegation in picturesque and emphatic terms. He stated that "Tin-cup's" horse had trespassed on his property and had gorged itself on hay that the owner held valuable. The Baron said that even after he had fenced the tempting fodder the presistent animal broke down the rails and helped itself. Losing patience, O'Keefe had roundly drubbed the beast with a pitchfork handle and if the horse had died it had probably succumbed to shame and remorse. The irate Baron further avowed that if there were any damages due, he was the injured party. ⁎ This was the situation when the case was brought to trial before Bishop Brooks, who acted as justice of the peace for old Missoula County. (The Bishop had been given his ecclesiastical title by popular acclaim after performing the first wedding ceremony to unite two white persons in this isolated frontier.) Frank Woody represented the plaintiff. Bolte's saloon served as courtroom. A jury of six was empaneled. Twelve would have strained the limit of eligibles and left no audience. ⁎ When Mr. Woody appealed to the Court for an immediate directed verdict in favor of his client, he reckoned without the fiery Baron's capabilities. The Baron promptly challenged the authority of the judge, the heredity of his alleged peers on the jury, the sincerity of the plaintiff's counsel, and the validity of the whole proceedings. He also challenged the nearest bystander. This precipitated a battle royal. Under the assault of the Baron—Joe, jury, and judge fled. They were corralled later with difficulty. Montana legal procedure didn't expire right then and there at Hell's Gate, but it was convalescing for some time. ⁎ The gold strike on Grasshopper Creek, a few months later, brought a horde of newcomers in desperate haste to share the treasure. Almost overnight a different social and economic situation developed at the first major gold camp, Bannack. The seat of civil authority was far removed and could only be reached by circuitous mountain trails. Law and machinery for enforcement were non-existent. Some of the arrivals were familiar only with California and Colorado mining precedent. Most of them had an inherent respect for constitutional law and authority. They adopted a simple formula designed to fit their immediate needs, eschewing all intricacies that might delay or hamper justice. During this period and until formal courts had been established on a footing that convinced the public of their power to deliver

justice speedily and effectively, the miners were content to skin their own legal cats and virtue usually triumphed. ✳ When a prospector found pay dirt, he immediately became the claimant of valuable property entitled to protection. It was customary to hold a mass meeting when a new mining district was located, and by popular vote to assign the discoverers certain rights and to adopt regulations pertaining to the size of claims, the use of water, and the powers and fees of elected officers. Recorder, judge, and sheriff were considered sufficient. Judges were chosen for their intelligence and integrity. Politics had no part in their election, though Montana's mining camps of Civil War days were divided between Northern and Southern sympathizers. Judges had jurisdiction over criminal as well as civil matters, and their decisions were respected. ✳ The murder trial of George Ives before a miners' court at Nevada City, Alder Gulch, I. T., in 1863, weighed more than an individual in the balance. It crystalized the strength and determination of law-abiding people in conflict with organized crime. Ives was a notorious criminal: rapacious, arrogant, and he had killed his last victim wantonly, yet he was accorded a fair and formal trial. All outdoors was the courtroom, for the scene was the center of the mining camp in mid-December. White-bearded, patriarchal Don L. Byam presided. The judge was seated in a wagon, and the jury of twenty-four sat in a semi-circle about a roaring log fire. Armed guards formed a complete circle about the court. ✳ As the attorneys began their pleading, the packed crowd listened intently. On the outer edge, a fringe of notorious thugs and their sympathizers made audible threats. Colonel Wilbur F. Sanders, late of the Union Army, and Major Charles S. Baggs were prosecutors for the people. With eloquence and logic, the young Colonel built his case. The jury was out less than half an hour. Twenty-three voted guilty and one, for some unexplained reason, remained non-committal. A motion for the assembly to adopt the verdict of the jury was carried. It was now dark. ✳ There were growls and mutterings among the outlaw element, intended to intimidate the crowd. Then Sanders climbed onto the wagon where he could command the attention of the miners and announced that George Ives had been found to be a murderer and a robber by the assemblage after fair trial. Then in a stout maneuver that caught Ives and his attorney off guard, he moved that "George Ives be forthwith hanged by the neck until he is dead". The motion carried by acclaim. When Ives began to beg for a delay, some miner shouted, "Ask him how much time he gave the murdered Dutchman." ✳ A forty-foot pole was slanted across a beam inside an incompleted log cabin, its butt braced against a sill log. The noose dangled from the upper end over a drygoods box. The moon was full and bright. The circle of guards cocked their guns and brought them to their shoulders as they faced the audience. As the box crashed out from under George Ives, the crowd stampeded. The breeze swung a lonesome corpse back and forth in the moonlight. It was the beginning of the end for a reign of terror. ✳ The times and conditions called for drastic measures. With California again furnishing the precedent, the citizens of Alder Gulch organized a Vigilance Committee within a matter of days after the Ives execution. Its symbol, 3-7-77, soon became a potent warning to evil doers. With grim efficiency, the area was purged of major criminals. Not long before the Ives trial, circumstances had compelled Wilbur Sanders to sleep on the floor of a ranch house with three notorious characters in front of the fireplace beside him.





Within sixty days he was the sole survivor of the quartette. The others had been hanged. ✳ From then on criminals were apprehended and punished with such dispatch that when the first chief justice arrived in the newly created Montana territory, the miners were reluctant to accept the authority of his court for anything but civil procedure. In the charge given by Chief Justice Hosmer to Montana's first grand jury, the judge diplomatically condoned the action taken by the committee a few months before. He also cautioned against its continuation, inasmuch as official channels were now open to complaints. Thereupon the jury dropped the justice a broad hint by presenting him, in lieu of an indictment, a statement to the effect that "punishment of criminal offenders is best left to the Vigilantes who always act impartially and who would not permit the escape of proved criminals on technical and absurd grounds". ✳ In spite of admonitions from the justice and his associates of the territory, Vigilante action continued and extended to Last Chance Gulch, (Helena of today) where the Hangman's Tree, in neighboring Dry Gulch, bore strange fruit with a tough rind until law enforcement agencies were considered sufficiently equipped to cope with all emergencies. Then the Vigilantes quietly disbanded. Perhaps they were right. The last man to adorn the Hangman's Tree, March 2, 1866, was a convicted murderer who had a pardon in his pocket issued by the acting governor, Thomas Francis Meagher, who had signed it in an expansive mood. The first man to be convicted of murder after proper trial in an official territorial court, promptly dug his way out of the cabin in which he was imprisoned. He has never returned. ✳ Before Captain Jack Slade came to Virginia City I. T., in the spring of 1863, he had acquired a reputation as a very explosive official of the Overland Stage Line's Julesburg Division along the South Platte. When he arrived he was packing the ears of Mr. Jules Beni in his vest pocket, Jules being an equally irascible party with whom he had had a disagreement. When properly stimulated, Slade was prone to clap the desiccated ears down on the bar for all to see as evidence of his temper and prowess. ✳ Slade's wife was a beautiful woman for whom he professed great affection. Over the hump to the east of Virginia City, the Slades acquired a ranch from which he sallied forth at intervals to inspect night life in the camps along roaring Alder Gulch. When sober, he was affable and popular. When drunk, he was a menace to peace and safety. In traditional bad man style it was his custom to "take the town" when on a rampage. He would ride his horse into saloons and dancehalls, call for free drinks, shoot out the lights, and make himself somewhat obnoxious. The patrons grew tired of interrupting card games to seek cover under chair or table; and Slade's subsequent contrition and payment for damages did little to calm the harrowed feelings of proprietors who didn't find such interruptions to regular business very humorous. ✳ One day the Vigilantes grew weary with Slade's lethal playfulness and when he snatched a warrant for his arrest from the sheriff and tore it up, matters reached a climax. Yet in spite of cumulative provocation the Vigilance Committee was reluctant to pronounce the extreme penalty. Perhaps Slade was a member of the organization. At any rate the decision was left to the miners at large who turned thumbs down en masse. A messenger had ridden to tell Mrs. Slade of her errant husband's plight. She urged her saddle horse over the rocky, steep trail to Daylight Gulch with devotion desperately fighting despair as they rode together. Her horse brought her into Virginia

(Continued on page 36)

Montana is proud of Glacier National Park, the magnificent mountain wonderland along the route of Great Northern's *incomparable* Empire Builder.

Great Northern is proud, too, of its role as a rail link to the world for the Treasure State's great natural abundance.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

THE FOUR MOODS OF MONTANA

by Michael Stephen Kennedy

"Colorado is high, having more peaks within its borders than any other state. Wyoming is wide, with the breadth of the plains between the Big Horns and the Grand Tetons. California is handsome, with a splendor of success. It takes all three adjectives to describe Montana!"
—Donald Culross Peattie

SPRING

Don Peattie's three adjectives are one short when it comes to seasons. Montana certainly has four, (sometimes capricious; they really are stable and quite predictable, as you shall see), but we prefer to consider them as moods. The Assiniboine called the first month of Montana spring "sore-eyed-moon" because snowblindness was possible. But then comes luscious April and May, when only a few highs of 90° have been known and the average holds to an energizing good-to-be-alive daytime peak of 60°. Flowers are everywhere, including the unforgettable beauty of cherry blossoms at Flathead Lake. Although the white mountain mantles remind us of a mood that has passed, the singing of birds is heard, the sky is blue and the sun is warm (except for 8 rainy days). Life, then, is good, indeed! This our Indians called "Idle Moon" mood, because there was a refreshing "pause before summer begins."

SUMMER

Find yourself a sweetheart—or take a new look at the old one—as June comes into view. Maybe, as in 1919, every day will be sunny but two. The average precipitation during June, July and August is less than 1½ inches per month. Humidity—a very dry average of 37 during these inspiring summer months—provides natural air-conditioning for the average maximum high of 80°—and blankets are recommended for some of the best sleeping you've ever experienced because of our all-time average minimum of 50° at night. This marvelous warm mood was called, respectively, by the Assiniboine, "Full Leaf," "Red Berries" and "Black Cherries" Moons. The big sky was never bluer and the cool breezes from the mountains whisper an invitation impossible to resist.

AUTUMN

The idyllic mood. The high-key color which nature begins to splash after the first mild equinox between September and October is truly inspiring. The average all-time mean temperature for this exciting three-month mood is an exhilarating 44°. The air is bracing, the sun is warm and friendly, and the sky is high—and unbelievably blue—far more days than even a champagne mood should permit in one's sheerest intoxication! And just to throw us off-balance, hunters in the high mountain meadows have been known to pause in pursuit of the beautiful blue grouse or majestic elk to strip off outer woolen reds—because solar highs of 84° have been recorded—in November!

WINTER

The nocturnal mood; unless you happen to be winter sports minded—then it's paradise in one of the best powder, deep snow skiing regions (with lots of sunshine) in the world. Big Sky winters are long—but there's great myth and misunderstanding about their severity in other places. Since U.S. Weather records were established in 1895, the all-time mean for December has been 23° (which in the dry air means only a sweater or topcoat for out-of-doors), 19.5° for January and 22.1° for February. True, it has gotten as cold as —65° in January; but highs of 79° in January and February, and 80° in December, are also on Montana's weather books. The placid peace of a typical bright winter day, pictured right, is far more typical than the blizzards which rate the headlines. The Assiniboine called it Witehi or "Hard Time Moon"—but the bears who hibernate know the same cozy mood as those of us who nod contentedly in front of a crackling fireplace heaped with pitch logs or fragrant cottonwood.

FORD GALAXIE 500/XL—CONVERTIBLE

Comin' through the rye in a Super Torque FORD,
you feel as though you're cruising down Park Avenue.
Thanks to basic training at Daytona and Riverside,
Fords have power to conquer any road.
They also start, stop, and corner like a cow pony.
Ford calls this total performance:
you'll call it a total revelation!

SEE THE 1964 SUPER TORQUE FORD . . . THE OFFICIAL CAR OF THE MONTANA CENTENNIAL . . . AT YOUR MONTANA FORD DEALER

TRY TOTAL PERFORMANCE
FOR A CHANGE!

FORD

Falcon · Fairlane · Ford · Thunderbird

TREASURE STATE

were the days of the open range, of free land, undiscovered ore, unclaimed water. They forget that every available acre worth a nickel has been taken up. They made out for themselves, didn't they? Anyone ought to be able to do the same. ✳ The memory of natural riches waiting for the claiming is recent. It accounts not only for this faith in self-determination but also for the fact that Montanans don't take too much stock in plundered-planet talk. The stockman finds it hard to believe that ranges can be overgrazed. All we need is rain, he says, searching the dry, blue sky. He doesn't always realize that once the streams ran clear that now run dusty. He'll agree with an ag-college man I talked to who ventured the opinion that, although trees and cows and people might all die, the native grasses, as natural-selection survivors of the hordes of buffalo, would go on forever. What bothers the stockman is Government interference. Lord, how he hates it; except, of course, for the tariff, which doesn't strike him as interference, anyhow. ✳ Elsewhere you find this confidence in the adequacy of resources. Or perhaps you find myopia. The mining man thinks—and maybe rightly—that there's ore in plenty yet, considering the new and more efficient processes of extraction. The sawmill operator wants new roads to standing timber; there's no money to be made in stumps. ✳ For a while, until good years and the war and wartime prices and a prosperous post-war period came along, it appeared that the dry-land wheat rancher might have learned a lesson. He did have a tough time, for a variety of reasons, until the past two decades. In the terrible drought of the 1930's he had watched his topsoil blow into the Dakotas. On occasion, as the fertility of his place dwindled, he had moved from one quarter or half section to another. Advised by experts, encouraged by Government payments, he began to strip-farm. The wind did him less damage that way. ✳ But Government payments declined. The price of wheat climbed. During World War II, production was the thing. More, though wind damage was lessened when wheat was planted in strips, other damage was increased, damage from the grasshopper and the sawfly, which works on the edges of fields and had more edges to work on when crops were stripped. ✳ So strip farming declined in favor of block farming, and now, after an infrequent bad year, serious minded observers are asking if the whole lesson has to be relearned, assuming that it ever was learned. ✳ With more dry years, will the soil blow again, no matter what newfangled gadgets and experimental procedures are used to prevent its blowing? Must we start the long and painful process again?

GAMBLING WITH NATURE

Good years, high prices, reduced Government payments and the two most recent wars discouraged strip farming; they also brought into cultivation acres and acres of marginal land better left in virgin sod. As in the old homestead and desert-entry years, hopeful plowmen turned under the bunch and buffalo grass that cattle and sheep thrive on. ✳ Leaner times will force them to abandon it. So will a changing government program. Land so left, though, doesn't grow up in bunch and buffalo grass. It grows up in tumbleweeds and Russian thistles and that dubious import, sweet clover. ✳ The pity is that the vegetation thus turned under made perhaps the finest forage in the world. In the old cattle-trail days Texas drovers

discovered it was good business to trail their herds far beyond the railhead towns of Kansas to the rich ranges of Montana. After a summer there they drove them back to market and pocketed a tidy profit. ✳ Today Montana grassfed beef is as good as any, no matter how the "any" may be stuffed with Iowa corn. Try it if you're in Montana. Many restaurants, some of them pretty seedy appearing on the exterior, will serve a steak the like of which you've seldom eaten. ✳ The problem of conservation is made more difficult by the character of a great deal of the land. It's difficult, not to say impossible, to establish a livable home on a wheat ranch where a tree won't grow, where a well-driller often can't drive down to drinking water. The consequence is that, in a good many sections, the dry-land farmer, encouraged by his recent prosperity, has moved to town. Why live on the sun-baked snow-banked ranch? he asks himself. Wheat ranching takes but three or four months of the year. Let the old house go, or roll it into town. A tool shed and a granary are enough. ✳ Someone will ask, how come these rugged individualists elected liberal senators like Mike Mansfield, Lee Metcalf and before them James E. Murray and Burton K. Wheeler? ✳ For lots of reasons. Because depression hit Montana. Because prosperity did. Because no state is single-minded, no matter how reporters may generalize. Montana has its mixture of con-victims. It has Democrats, new style and old. It has its union men, its wage earners of Butte and Great Falls and Anaconda, its New Dealers in education, its independent free lances like the late Joseph Kinsey Howard, its rebel-stock Southerners from Missouri and Kentucky and Texas. Yet, on the spot, you feel somehow this liberal sentiment isn't potent, isn't representative, regardless of the ballot boxes. It isn't old-time; it didn't come across the plains in a covered wagon. It seems upstart and a little alien, especially to a resident of the eastern slope, to whom Butte and its doings appear outlandish and alien. Around bars, and elsewhere, gibes at the welfare state are as common as the clank of silver dollars. Maybe there's the reason for the impression the visitor gets—the conservatives are just noisier now. ✳ There's another reason for the Mansfields and the Metcalfs. Ever since the Federal Government began brooding over the provinces, the Anaconda Company and the Montana Power has preferred Washington to the state capital as the abiding place of a dangerous man. On the local front they've managed pretty well, thanks to a remarkably shrewd public-relations staff, thanks to the support of stockmen, oilmen and wheat growers who can't see a great deal of difference between their situations and the companies'. Live and let live, these latter will argue. A company, like an individual, has a right to the fruits of labor and of luck. It is out of long experience that Montana's giants of industry call on the cow counties across the mountains when trouble threatens. ✳ Despite the affinity, it needs to be emphasized that Butte isn't Montana, though you'd almost think so as a consequence of the disproportionate reams that have been written about it. Butte exists of itself, a place of sporty extravagances, a settlement on a scarred and ugly hill in a hairpin of the Continental Divide where nature deposited such a load of metals as no man can imagine and chance brought together a cast of brash and colorful characters. ✳ Out of the scarred hill has come perhaps four billion dollars in copper and zinc and silver and gold and manganese. How much remains nobody knows, but Anaconda says it has no cause to worry. Conflicts have raged in Butte and vice has flourished and men have gambled for fortunes; and the political influence of copper kings and companies has been felt from border to border—and all have been reported and extended and speculated on. But Butte isn't Montana. It isn't even one of the up-and-coming cities of Montana any more. The flourishing cities are Great Falls and Billings and, more quietly, the state-university site, Missoula. Butte is Butte.

MONTANA'S MIDASES

There, in these more peaceful if still not-too-inhabited times, you have the feeling that the old mine kings—Marcus Daly or William Andrews Clark or Fredrick Augustus Heinze—may be looking over your shoulder at the bar or footing the night's drink bill for the town, though all three long since have passed to a place no doubt paved with copper. Your mind hears a song, composed before mechanisms drove mules from the mines:

My sweetheart's a mule in the mine.
I drive her with only one line.
On the dashboard I sit
And tobacco I spit,
All over my sweetheart's behind.

Daly and Clark and Heinze, with a late but lusty assist from Henry H. Rogers and the Standard Oil Company, did a lot for Butte and the state, not all of it to their greater glory. Clark and Daly fought over the site of the state capital. Clark was for Helena, Daly for Anaconda. Clark won. They warred over public office, not as rival candidates, for Daly didn't seek the limelight that Clark did, but as candidate and constitutional enemy. In 1899, Clark finally bought his way to Washington, only to submit a strategic resignation of the senatorship when he learned that a Senate investigating committee was ready to report his election null and void. He ran again, in 1900, and again was chosen by the legislature, the electoral agency of those days. This time he held his seat; but Daly had died meantime, and Clark's satisfaction must have been much diminished. ✳ During their long feud a personality and company that were to be mortal enemies appeared on the scene. The first was F. Augustus Heinze, the second the Standard Oil Company, represented by Henry H. Rogers. Their aims were make or break. The methods were money, litigation, propaganda, public pressure, trickery, legislation, all of which were used by one side or the other or both. It stands on the record of Montana that the governor was coerced into calling a session of the legislature to enact a change-of-venue bill, the alternative being an indefinite idleness on the part of Standard Oil properties employing 20,000 men, a number estimated at four fifths of the wage earners of the state. Heinze, the last of the copper kings to come to terms with Standard, finally nicked the company for $10,500,000 and went to New York and Wall Street, there to lose his roll.

THE DANCE OF THE DOLLARS

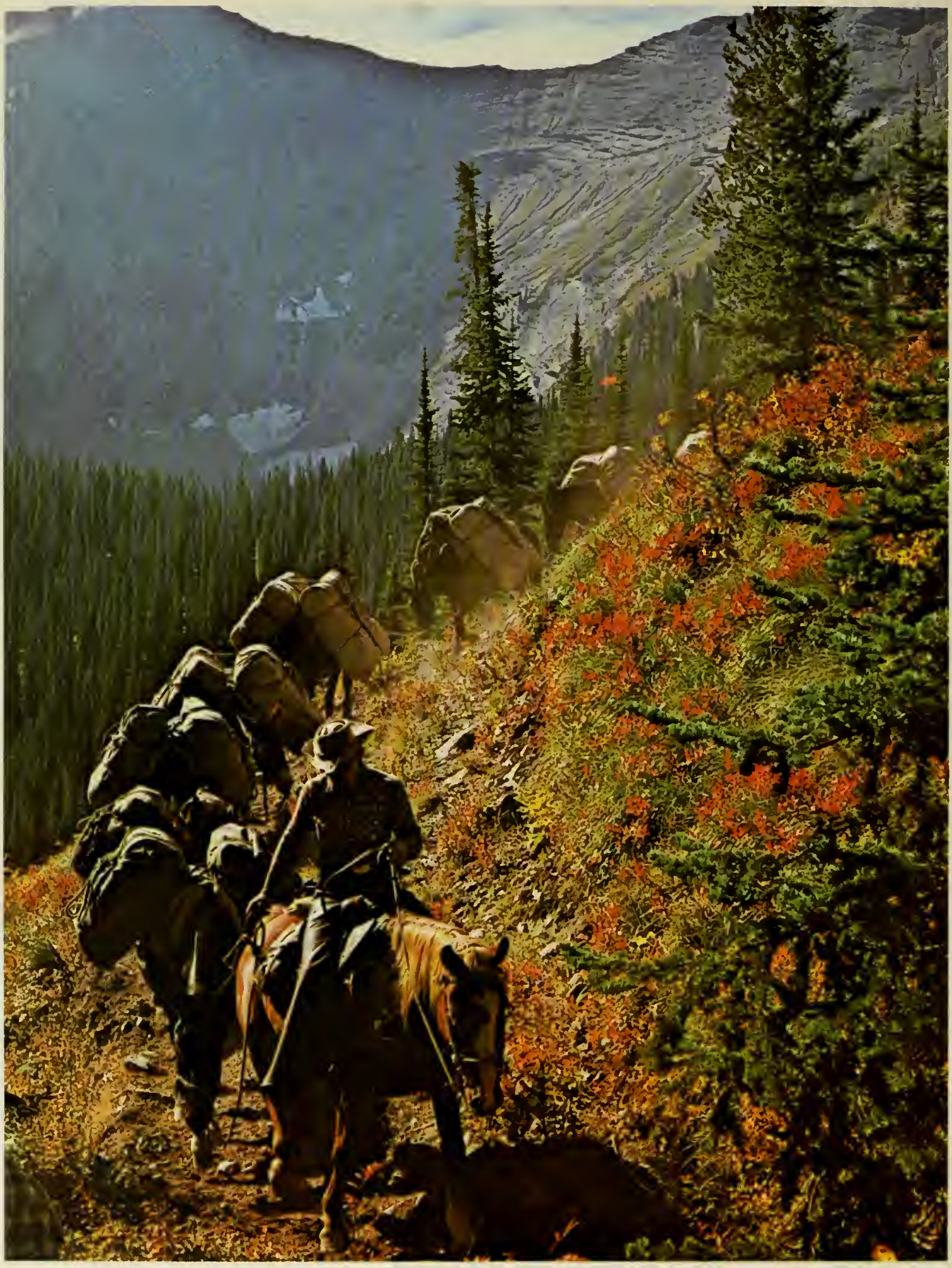
No state, perhaps, ever found itself more generally or generously corrupted than did Montana during these financial and political battles. Legislatures were bought, newspapers, editors, individuals, minions of government. Clark once was quoted as saying he never bought a man who wasn't for sale. He found plenty who were—but at fancy prices. According to one reporter, he spent $431,000 in eighteen days for the forty-seven legislative votes that sent him to Washington. Another report, also probably reasonably accurate, says Clark and Daly spent almost $3,000,000 in the fight over the capital site in 1894. The figure becomes all the more impressive in the light of Montana's

(Continued on page 58)

From the land of sky blue waters®... A wish for a Refreshing Centennial year

Hamm's
BEER

© 1963 Theo. Hamm Brewing Co., plants in St. Paul, Minn., San Francisco, Los Angeles, Houston



PEERLESS PLAYGROUND

The unique recreational advantages—closeness to nature, fresh air, sunshine and unspoiled wilderness —of the Big Sky Country are attested to by an expert.

by Bill Browning

Is it true that Montana is the Nation's number one *recreational arena?* Countless Montanans and visitors to the Treasure State feel it is! The Big Sky Country is blessed, perhaps, more than all the other states with unique recreational potentials that just won't quit. ✳ Nowhere, I believe, is the variety so great, so unique nor so flavored with western atmosphere and old-fashioned hospitality. Much of it is world renowned, and highly developed; more of it is in natural state; and some of our most beautiful wilderness sites have not yet been discovered by outsiders!

(Continued on page 64)

doesn't admire them. He turns his step rather than disturb an earnest caterpillar. His greatest fear is that someone will point out a rabbit and suggest that he chase it. This is a dog of peace and tranquility. I suggest that the greatest danger to your bears will be pique at being ignored by Charley." ⁎ The young man laughed. "I wasn't so much worried about the bears," he said, "but our bears have developed an intolerance for dogs. One of them might demonstrate his prejudice with a clip on the chin, and then—no dog." ⁎ "I'll lock him in the back, sir. I promise you Charley will cause no ripple in the bear world, and as an old bear-looker, neither will I." ⁎ "I just have to warn you," he said. "I have no doubt your dog has the best of intentions. On the other hand, our bears have the worst. Don't leave food about. Not only do they steal but they are critical of anyone who tries to reform them. In a word, don't believe their sweet faces or you might get clobbered. And don't let the dog wander. Bears don't argue." ⁎ We went our way into the wonderland of nature gone nuts, and you will have to believe what happened. The only way I can prove it would be to get a bear. ⁎ Less than a mile from the entrance I saw a bear beside the road, and it ambled out as though to flag me down. Instantly a change came over Charley. He shrieked with rage. His lips flared, showing wicked teeth that have some trouble with a dog biscuit. He screeched insults at the bear, which hearing, the bear reared up and seemed to me to overtop Rocinante. Frantically I rolled the windows shut and, swinging quickly to the left, grazed the animal, then scuttled on while Charley raved and ranted beside me, describing in detail what he would do to that bear if he could get at him. I was never so astonished in my life. To the best of my knowledge Charley had never seen a bear, and in his whole history had showed great tolerance for every living thing. Besides all this, Charley is a coward, so deep-seated a coward that he has developed a technique for concealing it. And yet he showed every evidence of wanting to get out and murder a bear that outweighed him a thousand to one. I don't understand it. ⁎ A little farther along two bears showed up, and the effect was doubled. Charley became a maniac. He leaped all over me, he cursed and growled, snarled and screamed. I didn't know he had the ability to snarl. Where did he learn it? Bears were in good supply, and the road became a nightmare. For the first time in his life Charley resisted reason, even resisted a cuff on the ear. He became a primitive killer lusting for the blood of his enemy, and up to this moment he had had no enemies. In a bearless stretch, I opened the cab, took Charley by the collar, and locked him in the house. But that did no good. When we passed other bears he leaped on the table and scratched at the windows trying to get out at them. I could hear canned goods crashing as he struggled in his mania. Bears simply brought out the Hyde in my Jekyll-headed dog. What could have caused it? Was it a prebreed memory of a time when the wolf was in him? I know him well. Once in a while he tries a bluff, but it is a palpable lie. I swear that this was no lie. I am certain that if he were released he would have charged every bear we passed and found victory or death. ⁎ It was too nerve-wracking, a shocking spectacle, like seeing an old, calm friend go insane. No amount of natural wonders, of rigid cliffs and belching waters, of smoking springs could even engage my attention while that pandemonium went on. After

(*Continued on page 35*)

LEWIS AND CLARK BLAZED OUR TRAIL

We pioneered in developing the vast lignite resources of eastern Montana for large scale production of low cost electric power. Our Lewis and Clark generating station on the Yellowstone River near Sidney, Montana produces electric power for general use and industry at costs as low, on a comparable basis, as thermal power produced anywhere in the United States.

We also made the first discovery of oil in the Williston Basin near Baker, Montana in 1936.

MONTANA-DAKOTA UTILITIES CO.

"In The Community To Serve"

Cowboy Artist:

CHARLES M. RUSSELL

by Michael Stephen Kennedy 1864 -1926

The only Montanan whose statue resides in National Statuary Hall in the Nation's capitol is the venerated Cowboy Artist, Charley Russell—the greatest of all the Old West documentarians. As stated by one of his biographers, Dr. K. Ross Toole: ". . . the real power of Russell's work resides in the fact that he felt, to the very depth of his being, that an era was dying —and that it meant something. He had been a part of the era, not as an observer but as a participant. And he understood it. He chronicled it and its death . . . with a mixture of sadness, humor, passion, violence and understanding that no acute observer can miss." ✳ Russell, after 1880, lived the life of a hunter and trapper, cowboy and squawman. He talked with and knew intimately old-timers who knew the Mountain Men and Fur Traders, the great frontier explorers and even the gun-men, dance hall girls and tin-horn gamblers. In short, he knew the Old West as no other artist of comparable genius was privileged to know it. Therefore he painted it better, in more depth, with more artistry and documentation than it can ever again be done. He is represented by at least 3,000 known works: models, bronzes, sketches, water colors, and oils. ✳ But above all this, he created for 46 years with such gusto and verve because he loved the frontier people—including the Indian—and all of the creatures of the wild, not excluding locoed broncs and wild longhorns. Therefore, as Will Rogers said: "He not only left us great living pictures of what our West was, but he left us an example of how to live in friendship with all mankind . . . and with Nature and all of Her creatures."

OLD MONTANA

by Charles M. Russell

Three full-color reproductions of the Montana Master Charles M. Russell are contained in this special six-page fold-out portfolio. ⁎ Russell, whose heroic statue by John Barney Weaver is the only one honoring Montana in the National Statuary Hall, Washington, D.C., chronicled his era with a mixture of sadness, humor, passion and violence. He knew the Old West as no other artist of comparable genius was privileged to know it. He loved the frontier people—including the Indian—and the creatures of the wild that inhabited it. ⁎ The outstanding art subjects by Russell, the greatest of Old West documentarians, are reproduced here in a form easily removable for matting and framing. They are rare and valuable Montana mementoes made available through the generosity of C. R. Smith, President of American Airlines.

We are deeply indebted to a gallant Texan, C. R. Smith, President of American Air Lines, for these first exciting prints from his erudite private collection. None of these have ever been previously reproduced in color except on the covers of *Montana* magazine. How significantly was MEDICINE MAN (center page) regarded by its creator? Nancy Russell his wife, never allowed Charley to sell it, nor would she, during her lifetime. Mr. Smith acquired this epic Indian painting from the Russell, estate. CMR was entranced by his own study. He approached modifications of the subject of this masterpiece in such other monumental paintings as "The Scout" (two versions), "Hostiles," "Wolf Men," "Stolen Horses" and "Friends or Enemies?" * *The Slick Ear* (above), a fine action oil which C. M. Russell completed in 1914, is in the tradition of such other great Russell rangeland subjects as *A Serious Predicament, Heads or Tails, Heeling a Bad One, Smoking Them Out* and *Jerked Down,* which is the subject of the new U.S. Commemorative stamp honoring the cowboy artist. As all of his great paintings do, this tells an unforgettable, true incident of Montana range life—in the days when the Cowman was King—and his Knights were the hired hands on horseback. * The Cowboy Artist painted many versions of *The Buffalo Hunt* (some with the same title) several of which have been widely reproduced. But this (far right) undoubtedly, is the greatest. In addition, this is the first color print, and one of the few times that people have ever been privileged even to see a facsimile of the great original painting. If this is not one of the most dramatic and beautiful depictions of the Plains Indians (whom Russell admired for their courage and majesty with all of his great heart), then it must certainly be classed among the most dramatic of its kind!

© All rights reserved by C. R. Smith, 1963

The Buffalo Hunt by C. M. Russell. © All rights reserved by C. R. Smith, 1963

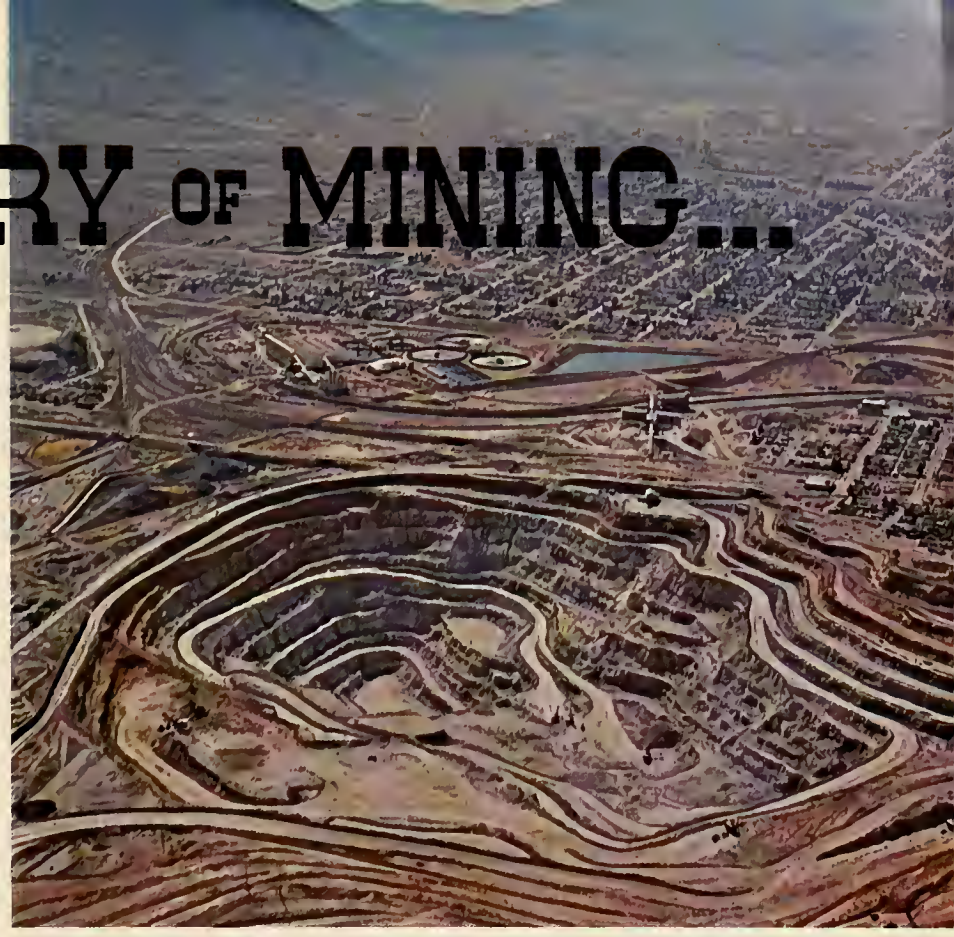
ASHTON S [illegible] BUTTE

BRONZES BY CHARLES M. RUSSELL

In the media of bronze, perhaps better than any of his other works, Charles Marion Russell heightened his anatomical perception (as in *Blackfoot War Dance* shown at upper left) and imbued it with sympathy, empathy and an allegorical quality (*Secrets of the Night* shown at lower left). On occasions, Sculptor Russell conveyed exceptional action and drama, the ruggedness and bravado of hard-riding cowboys (*Where the Best of Riders Quit* above right), or the agony of brave Indians engaged in mortal combat. In other bronzes, one deeply feels the unity of man and beast (*The Bronc Twister*), the gentle solitude of a grazing deer (*Forest Mother*), the heavy dull repose of a shaggy buffalo (*Lone Buffalo*). However, the peaceful, harmonious balance with Nature is more in keeping with his unusual theme (*Mountain Sheep, Monarch of the Forest, Montana Mother* or *Medicine Whip*). In all his bronzes, Russell's long, gentle fingers literally caressed the clay which he so sympathetically and happily molded. Indeed, when it came to sculpturing and modeling, Charlie Russell displayed virtuosity even above and beyond his obvious talent and now accepted genius. In fact, most critics maintain Russell's sculpture is superior to all his creative output.

ASHTON'S BUTTE

A CENTURY OF MINING...

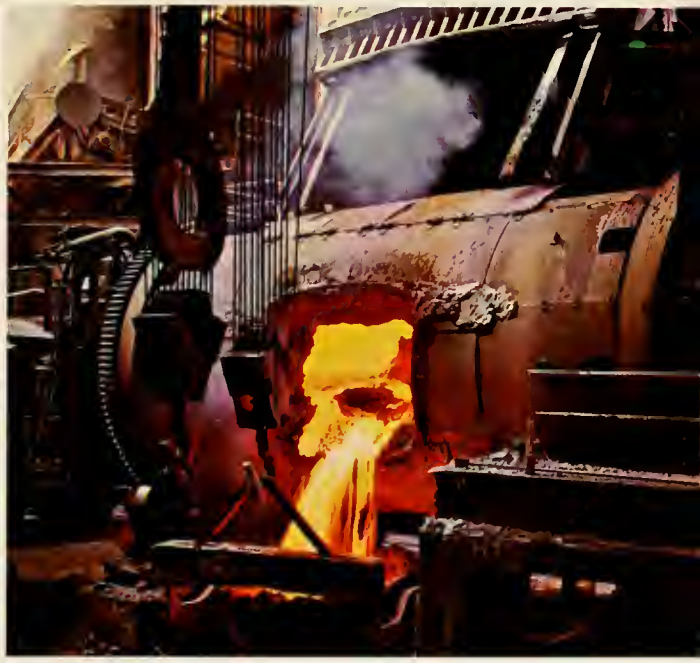


Trappers explored Montana; missionaries planted its first crops. But it was mining that attracted the first settlers, was responsible for creation of the Territory of Montana, brought about its admission to the Union, and impelled its progress.

The greatest of Montana's mining districts is Butte where 100 years of mining have produced billions of pounds of metals to help build and keep America strong.

Here, from a small claim, The Anaconda Company was started. Today, Anaconda has grown into one of the world's leading metal mining, smelting, refining and fabricating concerns, widely known for its skill in extracting useful metals from the earth and for the quality of its products.

Pictured above is the Berkeley Pit copper mine at Butte with part of the city in the background. Lower left: a view of the new copper ore concentrator at Butte. Lower right: molten copper pouring from a converter furnace at the Anaconda smelter. In Montana, Anaconda also operates a Refinery and Wire Mill at Great Falls, Forest Products plant at Bonner, Aluminum plant at Columbia Falls and Slag Treating plant at East Helena.



ANACONDA "A partner in Montana's progress"

Whether you're driving to Montana for its centennial celebration — or touring the 50 States and Canada — you drive with confidence when you use the top premium gasoline available everywhere, Texaco Sky Chief. You get full power and extra miles because of Texaco's extra steps to quality. It pays you to say Sky Chief.

Trust your car to the man who wears the star

TEXACO

about the fifth encounter I gave up, turned Rocinante about, and retraced my way. If I had stopped the night and bears had gathered to my cooking, I dare not think what would have happened. ✳ At the gate the park guard checked me out. "You didn't stay long. Where's the dog?" "Locked up back there. And I owe you an apology. That dog has the heart and soul of a bear-killer and I didn't know it. Heretofore he has been a little tender-hearted toward an underdone steak." "Yeah!" he said. "That happens sometimes. That's why I warned you. A bear dog would know his chances, but I've seen a Pomeranian go up like a puff of smoke. You know, a well-favored bear can bat a dog like a tennis ball." ✳ I moved fast, back the way I had come, and I was reluctant to camp for fear there might be some unofficial non-government bears about. That night I spent in a pretty auto court near Livingston. I had my dinner in a restaurant, and when I had settled in with a drink and a comfortable chair and my bathed bare feet on a carpet with red roses, I inspected Charley. He was dazed. His eyes held a faraway look and he was totally exhausted, emotionally no doubt. Mostly he reminded me of a man coming out of a long hard drunk—worn out, depleted, collapsed. He couldn't eat his dinner, he refused the evening walk, and once we were in he collapsed on the floor and went to sleep. In the night I heard him whining and yapping, and when I turned on the light his feet were making running gestures and his body jerked and his eyes were wide open, but it was only a night bear. I awakened him and gave him some water. This time he went to sleep and didn't stir all night. In the morning he was still tired. I wonder why we think the thoughts and emotions of animals are simple. ✳ . . . I remember as a child reading or hearing the words "The Great Divide" and being stunned by the glorious sound, a proper sound for the granite backbone of a continent. I saw in my mind escarpments rising into the clouds, a kind of natural Great Wall of China. The Rocky Mountains are too big, too long, too important to have to be imposing. In Montana . . . the rise is gradual, and were it not for a painted sign I never would have known when I crossed it [the Continental Divide]. It wasn't very high as elevations go. I passed it as I saw the sign, but I stopped and backed up and got out and straddled it. As I stood over it facing south it had a strange impact on me that rain falling on my right foot would eventually find its way after uncountable miles to the Atlantic. The place wasn't impressive enough to carry a stupendous fact like that. ✳ It is impossible to be in this high spinal country without giving thought to the first men who crossed it, the French explorers, the Lewis and Clark men. We fly it in five hours, drive it in a week, dawdle it as I was doing in a month or six weeks. But Lewis and Clark and their party started in St. Louis in 1804 and returned in 1806. And if we get to thinking we are men, we might remember that in the two and a half years of pushing through wild and unknown country to the Pacific Ocean and then back, only one man died and only one deserted. And we get sick if the milk delivery is late and nearly die of heart failure if there is an elevator strike. What must these men have thought as a really new world unrolled —or was the progress so slow that the impact was lost? I can't believe they were unimpressed. Certainly their report to the government is an excited and an exciting document. They were not confused. They knew what they had found! *(end)*

MAJOR EVENTS

Montanans and visitors alike will observe the Territorial Centennial Year at literally hundreds of events throughout the state. ✳ Early in the year, the celebration will focus on most Montana schools. Students will participate in art, music, and essay contests and history curriculums will highlight events of our colorful past. To assist teachers, over 1,000 information kits have been distributed from Centennial headquarters. ✳ On May 26, signing of the Organic Act of 1864, which created Montana as a territory, will be reenacted with great pomp and ceremony on the steps of the Capitol building in Helena. Following this ceremony a gigantic float parade will be staged on the streets of the Capital City. Representatives of various state organizations and communities will participate. ✳ During the evening of this historic day, a Centennial Commemoration Ball will provide thrills for thousands at the Civic Center. Everyone is encouraged to wear a costume of the 1860's. ✳ During the year, "The Montana Story" will be told 12, or more, times at strategic locations throughout the state. Between 500 and 1,000 local people will appear in each cast and will reenact the colorful state-wide historical events as well as important events of their own community. Cities in which "The Montana Story" will be presented include Helena, Billings, Kalispell, Lewistown, Shelby, Missoula, Butte, Glendive, Bozeman, Glasgow and Miles City, with others expected to be added. ✳ During early summer, the first American presentation of the original Indian opera "Poia" may be staged at Glacier National Park. The Territorial Centennial, in collaboration with the University of Montana Opera Workshop, under the direction of John Lester, will present "Poia" in its natural setting. Authentic Blackfeet Indians, together with some of the finest musical talent the University has produced, will make a musical offering that will be long appreciated and loved. ✳ Montana's world-renowned son, Charles M. Russell, will be honored by a "living" art show. Cowboy and Indian models will present Mr. Russell's work in their most realistic form before beautifully projected Montana scenery filmed where Mr. Russell himself painted. The story of the artist and his work will be integrated into the presentation to assist the viewer in becoming better acquainted with C. M. Russell, Montana's own Cowboy Artist. ✳ A spectacular airshow, "From the Kittyhawk to the Moon" will be held at Malmstrom Air Force Base and International Airport in Great Falls on July 10, 11 and 12. General Harry Goldsworthy is chairman of the show that will interest everyone, young and old. ✳ Logging competition, square dance festivals, rodeos, and many more of Montana's annual attractions will add interest and excitement during the state's biggest year in the past one hundred.

MONTANA TERRITORY

City on the run just minutes late. ✳ That she was an impetuous lady of fire and determination, there can be no doubt. She vowed to cut the heart out of the man who had placed the noose around Jack Slade's neck, but three weeks later led the grand march with him at a ball in Nevada City. All that winter she lived in a little cabin in Virginia City and kept Slade's body under her bed in a tin receptacle filled with whiskey for want of a better preservative. In view of Slade's fondness for bourbon, it was a nice gesture. In the spring she took the body to Salt Lake City by stage coach for internment. ✳ Montana developed no outlaws of the Robin Hood variety and no killers comparable to Billy the Kid. We did have "Kid Curry" for a while. He lived down in the Little Rockies cow country along the breaks of the Missouri where hard-eyed men rode heeled. No one asked them many questions. It was neither ethical nor healthful. The country was an ideal refuge for wanted men from the Black Hills, from Wyoming, and from as far away as Arizona and Texas, for it was a land of uninterrupted solitude where the law of Colt and carbine used to rule. ✳ There were four Curry boys, Hank, Johnny, Harvey and Loney,—and Curry wasn't their name. They were born in Kentucky, supposedly to a Mr. and Mrs. Logan, but an aunt in Missouri brought them up. She couldn't have been too conscientious about their schooling; the boys couldn't read or write when they came to Montana and by that time they had moustaches. One of their grandmothers is said to have been a Cherokee squaw, from whom they may have inherited their propensity for appropriating other people's livestock. But, not to judge them harshly, their illiteracy may account for their habit of mistaking other brands for their own. ✳ Hank and Harvey (the Kid) are suspected of having ridden into Montana just behind a herd of stampeding beef critters from Pueblo, Colorado, and somewhat ahead of a posse from the same neighborhood. It could have been a coincidence, but that was a long way for a herd to run without urging. The boys located near the Little Rockies and were respected stockmen practically overnight. Johnny and Loney caught up with them. ✳ Down in central Wyoming, Flat-nose George Curry, who was just a little wild as a boy, conducted a rustling syndicate and used the Hole-in-the-Wall basin as headquarters. The Currys are reputed to have been his henchmen and with their flair for taking anything that wasn't nailed down, no doubt took his name when they moved north. They hadn't been in Montana long before Johnny got into an altercation with a Dutchman near Rocky Point on the Missouri. They met on the trail not long afterwards and the Dutchman detached Johnny from his right arm with a Winchester rifle. As added family trouble Hank died in bed. ✳ Pike Landusky's parents had christened him Powell down in Missouri. He came up the river to Fort Benton in the spring of '64, and after a brief sojourn in Last Chance Gulch, drifted into the wilder country of central Montana to engage in a dynamic career. He worked for a while as a wood hawk, chopping fuel for steamboats, and he tried wolving and trapping. Flopping Bill Cantrell was his partner in these ventures. As time went on, he and two others built a shabby trading post on the Flatwillow and bartered whiskey with the Indians. Pike had no compunctions about

NORTHERN PACIFIC'S
VISTA-DOME NORTH COAST LIMITED

. . . on the Continental Divide east of Butte, Montana

NP tracks from the east and west were joined near Gold Creek, Montana, in 1883. This marked completion of the first northern transcontinental rail line and opened new markets in the East and West for the agricultural, mineral and industrial products of Montana.

MONTANA TERRITORY

stultifying the aborigines with exceedingly bad liquor. In fact he hated Indians. In an exuberant moment, inspired by some of his own tanglefoot, he had playfully shot into a tepee camp and killed a Blackfeet squaw. By way of retaliation a brave shot away Pike's left lower jaw bone with a buffalo gun. This neither improved Pike's appearance nor his opinion of Indians. The next one he overtook, he chopped down with an axe. ⁎ The nomadic Mr. Landusky and two friends found placer pay dirt in Little Alder Gulch of the Little Rockies in 1884. This caused a temporary excitement but nothing like the boom that followed the discovery of the rich August ore chute nine years later by Bob Orman, who declared Pike in on the strike. The inevitable mining camp that was organized in the summer of 1894 was named Landusky. It had the usual mining town business houses including a unique emporium operated by Jew Jake, a gentleman who had lost a leg in conflict with the law, and who used crutches, sometimes substituting a sawed-off shotgun for one of them when business was brisk. His establishment featured an assortment of clothing in one end of the log cabin and a bar in the other. ⁎ Pike had borrowed a plow from the Curry boys, whose ranch was just five miles away from the new town. There was a dispute over the transaction and Pike's feelings were further harrowed by the fractional Indian lineage of the Curry's and more particularly because Loney had been so attentive to Pike's youngest step-daughter, Elfie, that Pike had become a sort of grandfather. To make bad blood between them worse, the sheriff arrested the Kid on a cattle-stealing charge and consigned him to Pike's custody as deputy until he could be brought to Fort Benton for trial. One civic structure that the town of Landusky lacked was a jail, so Pike shackled the Kid to a log and abused him outrageously, verbally and physically. ⁎ Johnny Curry was somewhat of a Lothario himself. A neighbor's wife left his bed and board for the dubious comforts that Johnny could provide. This neighbor had a ranch adjoining the property of Abram Gill and Jim Winters who were foster brothers. They came of good family back East and were friends of the naturalist, John Burroughs, who visited them. After Johnny's conquest, Winters bought the husband's property in good faith only to have the lady claim half ownership. Her contention was supported by her new convoy, who called on Winters to suggest that he leave the country before he, Johnny, came back shooting. ⁎ Jim Winters didn't scare. When Johnny returned as he had promised, he took a wild shot at Winters when the latter came to the door of his cabin. Jim had a double-barreled shotgun handy. He unloaded it by pulling both triggers. Johnny came apart. That left the Kid and Loney. ⁎ It was almost Christmas, Landusky's first, and her leading citizens decided that the camp should stage a holiday celebration that would go down in history. The world at large was invited and everyone for sixty miles around came. The committee decided that no such mundane provender as buffalo steaks, antelope chops, or range beef would be served. This was an occasion. They had the stage-driver, on his next trip to the railroad, wire the Twin Cities for four dozen quarts of fresh oysters. ⁎ The party got under way with the consumption of two wash-boilers full of oyster stew. Other refreshments were downed and the action accelerated. The camp was living up to its reputation. It has been said that on any

A NEW TREASURE AT OLD MONTANA CITY

The historic site of Montana City is yielding a new kind of wealth for the people of Montana. Out of the old gold diggings a thriving new industry has risen. It is converting a high grade of limestone into cement, the basic ingredient of concrete. From this bonanza will come new buildings, highways, bridges, dams, homes, schools. All necessary to a state of growth. Today, as Montana looks forward to its second century, a new chapter of history begins. Permanente is proud to be a part of this epic.

PERMANENTE CEMENT COMPANY

A New Treasure for a State of Growth

© BANCORPORATION OF MONTANA

Charlie Russell's MONTANA sure has changed!

Not so long ago, cattle and cowboys roamed unhindered under the Big Sky, four-legged horsepower broke the Montana sod, the black Model "T" chugged along Montana's country roads.

Times have changed!

Eastern "dudes" roam the cattle trails, mechanized horsepower plow the the fields and harvest the crops. High-speed highways dash across the Montana landscape.

Montana's ever changing pace requires new banking skills and services. You'll find these at a Montana-owned Bancorporation of Montana bank. Here you'll get the financial leadership to grow with Montana. Stop in soon!

Montana Highway Commission Photos

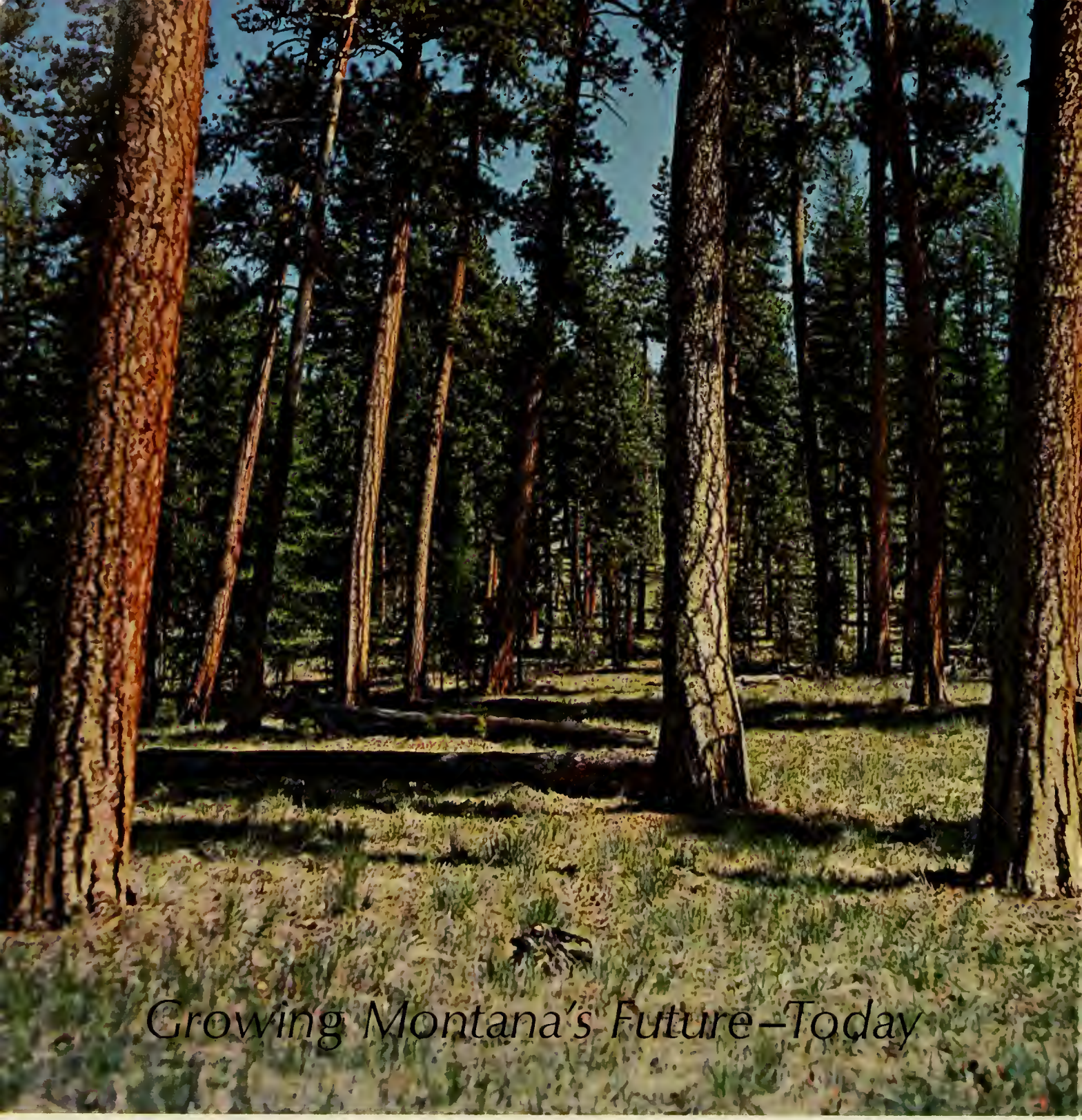
BANCORPORATION OF MONTANA

AFFILIATE BANKS: **CENTRAL BANK OF MONTANA**, GREAT FALLS; **CITIZEN'S BANK OF MONTANA**, HAVRE; **MINERS NATIONAL BANK**, BUTTE; **FARMERS-MERCHANTS BANK**, RUDYARD; **FARMERS & STOCKMENS BANK**, VALIER; **FIRST STATE BANK**, CHINOOK; **LIBERTY COUNTY BANK**, CHESTER; **NORTHERN MONTANA STATE BANK**, BIG SANDY; **THE LEADERSHIP BANKS OF MONTANA**; MEMBERS FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

MONTANA TERRITORY

Saturday afternoon you could stand in the center of Landusky's one street, swing a pint cup around your head and catch a quart of bullets. Loney Curry fiddled for the dancing. The Kid hadn't been around since they took him to the county seat for trial. On the third day of the party, December 27, 1894, Pike was having a libation in Jew Jake's saloon. Loney, the Kid, and their friend, Jim Thornhill, walked in. Pike didn't see anything very well. ⁎ Pike had on a heavy fur overcoat. When he fell, face up, Kid Curry pinned him to the floor with knee on each arm and proceeded to beat him unmercifully. Loney and Jim Thornhill kept the customers at bay with drawn sixguns. Smashed, dazed, and bleeding, Pike at last struggled to his feet. Some say he reached for a handkerchief to wipe the blood out of his eyes; some say he reached for his gun, a new one, with a fancy safety catch that baffled him. The Kid had no such trouble. He drilled Pike twice with deliberation and accuracy. He didn't wait to stand trial this time. ⁎ Johnny Ritch—(later State Historian), being the only man of letters in the camp, was invited to preach Pike's funeral sermon, which he did with considerable eclat. The story may be apocryphal, but it has been asserted that he took as his text "the lion shall lie down with the lamb," a reference to the armed neutrality during the obsequies, and he further required the pallbearers to park their shooting irons on the homemade casket while toting Pike's remains to his final resting place. ⁎ The Kid presumably rejoined the wild bunch in Wyoming, now under the leadership of George Parker, alias Butch Cassidy, from southern Utah, and his lieutenant, Harry Lonobaugh, the Sundance, Wyoming Kid. They still used the Hole-in-the-Wall in the foothills of the Big Horn Mountains at the headwaters of the Powder River, as a rendezvous, but cattle rustling had grown too tame. ⁎ They turned their talents to train robbery and made it pay. Their operations were far flung throughout the West. At a premature celebration of July 4, 1901, Butch, Harry, Kid Curry, and Camilla Hanks held up the Great Northern No. 3 passenger train just west of Malta, Montana, blew the express car safe, and got $41,000 in unsigned bank notes. The sheriff organized a posse to follow them towards the Little Rockies as a token gesture, but no one really expected them to get their men. ⁎ The Pinkertons took the trail. Loney Curry was found hiding out at his old home in Dodson, Missouri, and was killed while resisting arrest. The Kid was apprehended in Knoxville, Tennessee, and was sentenced to a total of 130 years in Leavenworth. Apparently he was afraid he wouldn't outlive the term. Before they could get him matriculated in that institution he borrowed a broom from his jailer to sweep out his cell. He unwound the wire binding and when the jailer came to get the broom, the Kid snared him through the bars with a wire loop, relieved him of his keys, walked out of the jail, stole the sheriff's horse, and the law hasn't caught up with him since. There has always been a persistent rumor that he established a nice little cattle spread in the Argentine and lived happily ever after. ⁎ Pike Landusky, Kid Curry, and their like were no novelties in the Little Rocky environment of their day, but they were anachronisms seventy miles from there where writ and subpoena were taking the place of pistol and rifle with fairly law-abiding people who established the more orderly procedure of Montana as it is today.

(end)



ST. REGIS PAPER COMPANY

Forest Products Division

Libby and Troy, Montana

MONTANA BOOKS

A VICARIOUS INTRODUCTION TO AN UNCOMMON LAND

by Harold G. Merriam

If you are a one-book reader about a state you should pick up Joseph Kinsey Howard's *Montana Margins, A State Anthology*, which pictures the life of Montana "as it was and is". Two hundred and fourteen writings cover War, The River, The Land, Beyond Law, Men and Women, Industry, Social Life, Animals, Travel and Transport, and Spirit. These writings were garnered from newspapers, magazines, especially *Frontier* and *Midland*, books,—both contemporary with the event in them and modern and old manuscripts. ✳ Howard's *Montana, High, Wide and Handsome*, considered "one of the ten best regional books", is a description of the state and his analysis of its problems. Its thinking is incisive and its style fitting. ✳ No adequate, scholarly history of Montana has yet been written. The most readable one is K. Ross Toole's *Montana, An Uncommon State*. The first two volumes of the history compiled by M. G. Burlingame and K. Ross Toole, *A History of Montana*, are written by experts in their fields and contain reliable accounts. *Frontier Omnibus* is indispensable for the historically minded person. ✳ Montana, though only a hundred years old in settlement, has a body of interesting writing. It is headed by accounts of Indians living in the territory. I would first read the Indian legends. Sixty charming pages of Salish legends are in Helen F. Sanders' *Trails Through Western Woods;* and in J. W. Schultz's *Blackfeet Tales of Glacier Park* are five excellent ones showing a wide range of Indian ideas and beliefs. I would then turn to the delightful tales of Frank B. Linderman's *Indian Why Stories* or his *Indian Old-Man Stories* in order to establish in my mind the Indian's way of looking upon the earth and the sky, animals and birds, and himself as one with them. His *American* captures much of the life of the Indian before whiteman influence came into it. Then would come James Willard Schultz's *My Life as An Indian*, for he married, and lived with until her death, a Blackfeet woman. I would end my brief excursion into Indian lore with these two classics. But, in order to see a plight into which whiteman living has brought some Indians I would read Dan Cushman's *Stay Away, Joe* and while pitying the plight would enjoy the humor that springs from Indian failure to value objects as Americans do. ✳ Anyone wishing to know about the Rockies would begin, naturally, with the *Lewis and Clark Journals*, centering on the explorers' hard experiences in Montana. With this background one could turn to accounts of early trappers and seekers of adventure. I would myself first pick up Charles Larpenteur's *Years of a Fur Trader on the Upper Missouri*, 1833-1872, for he dramatically recorded—and with a great flow of egotism—journeys, fights with Indians, life on the trails and rivers and in the forts. More fun and sparkle is in Yellowstone (Luther S.) Kelly's *Memoirs*, because he related with imagination and poetic insight his adventures that occurred during the "happiest years" of his life, 1868-1892. ✳ On the heels of these factual accounts would come novels of early life in Montana. Frank B. Linderman's *Lige Mounts, Free Trapper*, for instance; a narrative of fur trading in Cree lands with fine feeling for the country and the wise ways of living *with* it and its people. And then, surely, would come *The Big Sky*, by A. B. Guthrie, Jr., a tale about a much tougher, rougher, more conscienceless and stronger sexed man than Lige Mounts. ✳ Of living in Montana one gets a full picture of life in early Virginia City in Larry Barsness's *Gold Camp* and of the struggle over mines in Butte in C. B. Glasscock's *War of the Copper Kings;* or *Copper Camp* by writers in the Federal Writers' Project. ✳ Among cowboy writings would come, first, Teddy

Blue Abbott's, *We Pointed Them North*, experiences as told to Helen Huntington Smith, John Barrows' *Ubet* and Charlie Russell's rich tales in *Trails Plowed Under* and the two *Rawhide Rawlins'* books. And then I would read Will James's *Smoky*, the loveable tale of a wild range pony broken by Clint and trained to be a cowpony, efficient as only a cowboy could dream of a cowpony being. Ranching followed the cowboy. I would read Ira S. Nelson's *On Sarpy Creek*, a novel hard to come by but worth more than any romantic novel of ranching by reason of its almost cruel realism and for the courage of its people who conquered the resistant land. In *A Bride Goes West* the adjustment of a Virginia born and bred woman to the hardships and privations of the lonely life is lively depicted. The account is narrated about the life of Nannie Alderson, as told to Helen H. Smith. Dale Eunson's dryland farm novel *Homestead* tells the story of struggle against drouth, hail, insects. Both books give the woman's point of view. Thomas Savage has written a somewhat gentle tale of a community of people living in understanding of their environment and of one another in *The Pass* and a fiercely realistic narrative in *Lona Hanson*, in which a ruthless ranch hand edges Lona out of her ranch. ⁎ Eleanor Banks' *Wandersong*, the biography of her father, Henry MacDonald, building up a sheep ranch in the Judith Basin, and Hughie Call's *Golden Fleece*, of a sheep ranch in the Madison Valley, I would not like to miss. *Winter Wheat* is Mildred Walker's story of the frustrated girl on a ranch. Naomi Babson, one of Montana's competent novelists, places her stories in the East, though *I am Lidian* touches the West. ⁎ The forests of Montana are as precious as her metals and the life of its guardians is full of the freshness of the mountains and the fierce struggles against fires. The most complete story is Elizabeth Flint's *The Pine Tree Shield;* the most exciting one is Dale White and Larry Florek's *Tall Timber Pilots*. ⁎ Stories about animals are plentiful but books about them few. A charming one is Frank Linderman's *Stumpy*, a tale of a chipmunk. ⁎ Linderman's recently published *Recollections of Charley Russell* brings fresh materials to the Russell saga. W. R. Allen in *The Chequamagon* has produced a lively book about his political and business career. *I, Mary MacLane*, produced a great stir when it appeared. Unfortunately, she thought that everyone would be interested in every thought and feeling she had. ⁎ Myron Brinig's *Singermann*, *Wide Open Town* and *The Sisters*, all laid in Butte, are the most competent novels about city life in Montana. The author lived in Butte for a short while during youth. Great vitality is in Wallace Stegner's *The Big Rock Candy Mountain*, a tale of rum running. He too lived in Montana only a short time. ⁎ Western verse of the usual type is, of course, abundant. Jack H. Lee's *Powder River, Let 'Er Buck* and more original, Robert H. Fletcher's *Corrall Dust* are of that type. Wallace Coburn's *Rhymes from a Roundup Camp*, 1899, is the daddy of them all. More serious are E. C. Lincoln's *Rhymes of a Homesteader* and Gwendolin Haste's *Young Land*. Jason Bolles, who died young, was Montana's most promising poet, as shown in his privately printed volume, *The Magpie's Nest*. In it is verse of much variety. Mary B. Clapp, *And Then Re-Mold It*, has been called Montana's poet laureate. Some bitter and sophisticated poems are in *Mead and Mangel-Wurzel* by Grace S. Coates. ⁎ These books have not been selected especially for their literary merit but for the information in them and their pleasurable reading to those who aspire to know The Treasure State better. *(end)*

statewide...
worldwide...

J. L. McLAUGHLIN
Chairman of the Board

McLaughlin

J. L. McLaughlin, from the era of the horse-drawn scraper to the modern, mechanical, missile age, has, through his farsighted leadership, contributed to the development of the construction industry in this state. He is proud of having participated in the growth of Montana – beautiful, virile, progressive and well deserving of centennial recognition.

GENERAL CONTRACTORS GREAT FALLS

THE KICKOFF

A sprinkling of gold dust . . . A shot rang out from a frontier .45 revolver . . . and, Montana's Territorial Centennial Year was officially launched. ✳ Montana's Centennial and 75th anniversary of statehood celebration started auspiciously fifteen hundred miles away in Pasadena, California, on New Year's Eve, 1963. Montana Senior U. S. Senator Mike Mansfield sprinkled gold dust on the state's Tournament of Roses float and Governor Tim Babcock fired a special frontier model Colt .45 Centennial revolver. The shot, as well as a special program, which took place at the float lot, was carried by live broadcast and telecast back to the entire state of Montana, and to many parts of the nation, thanks to arrangements made by Lloyd G. Schermer, Missoula publisher and able Chairman. ✳ The float then took part in the famous Tournament of Roses parade on New Year's Day. Montana's all-star 80-piece Centennial cowboy band marched proudly ahead of the float in the parade, first place winners among all high school bands represented and the only band to march the full parade route. ✳ More than 45 feet long and 17 feet high, the third-place winning Montana float was designed by Stan Legowik of Great Falls and built by Miller Brothers of Pasadena. The flower-covered float portrayed graphically the freedom of the "Last Frontier", which still exists in Montana. ✳ Riding the float were four attractive Montana girls: Princess Williamette Youpee, from the Fort Peck Reservation—Miss Indian American of 1963—symbolized the large Indian population living on seven large Montana Reservations, who continue to make an important contribution to the State's culture and heritage. ✳ In skiing outfit was Marla Babcock from Helena, daughter of Governor and Mrs. Tim Babcock. Winter sports are an important Montana recreational activity. The State has four nationally famed major chairlift areas: The Big Mountain, Whitefish; Snow Bowl, Missoula; Lion Head, West Yellowstone, and Grizzly Peak, Red Lodge. ✳ Talented Roberta Tarbox, Missoula, State University co-ed, appeared in formal attire. She was Miss Montana in the 1963 Miss America contest. She also plays violin in the Missoula Symphony Orchestra and is an accomplished singer-actress at Montana State University. ✳ Linda Taylor, Kalispell, was the State's 1963 entry in the National Junior Miss Contest. She portrayed, in cowgirl costume, the importance of cattle and ranching to Montana's diversified and rich agricultural economy. ✳ People will be talking about Montana's spectacular performance at the impressive Rose Bowl ceremonies long after the Montana Centennial Celebration has run its course at the end of 1964. Everyone agreed that the opening event was great!

CENTENNIAL HEADQUARTERS

. . . An Historic Shrine

In keeping with the pioneer theme of Montana's 100th anniversary, the State Territorial Centennial Commission selected as its headquarters the historic old Governor's Mansion at 304 N. Ewing in Helena, one of the West's fabulous mining mansions. ✳ Built in 1885 by a successful gold miner and '49-er, William A. Chessman, the mansion remained a family home until acquired by the State of Montana in 1913, as the first official governor's mansion. ✳ Now the property of the Montana Historical Society, the distinguished Chessman home has been loaned to the Centennial Commission until July 1, 1965. It housed nine Montana governors—for a total of 46 years—before being replaced in 1959 by a new, modern $300,000 ranch-style mansion only a few blocks away from the State Capitol. ✳ The old mansion, which cost its original owner $85,000, even before completion in the hard winter of 1886-87, is one of the rare remaining Montana homes which stands as a tribute to The Treasure State's fabulous Victorian era—depicting a time when Helena had more millionaires, per capita, than any other place in the world. The three story, pressed-brick and terra cotta mansion was designed by Cass Gilbert, famed 19th century architect of St. Paul and New

York. (Gilbert also designed the U.S. Supreme Court Building and the Woolworth Building in New York.) The Chessman mansion has 20 spacious rooms and seven splendid fireplaces. Original woodwork was quartered from various types of fine oak. One of the great double parlors was done in mahogany; another in rich cherry wood. ✳ When the Chessman family moved into their house they enjoyed quite a luxury—one of the first three indoor bathrooms in Montana Territory ✳ At the rear of the stately old house is a two-story brick carriage house. On the spacious, stone-walled grounds, an elm tree, planted in 1886 by one of the Chessman boys, still shades the old home from the summer sun. ✳ Today, and through June of 1965, when visitors enter the mansion, they are first greeted by sounds of busy typewriters, adding machines and mimeographs. Instead of marble topped tables and loveseats, some of the parlors, the dining room and three dens are now crowded with modern desks and file cabinets. But if the visitor will linger a minute, he may still hear the ancient echo of stately balls, state dinners, political chicanery and family chatter. And behind it all are the gorgeous fireplaces, woodwork, crystal chandeliers and fancy silk wallpapers of the fabulous old days of Last Chance Gulch.

THE MONTANA TERRITORIAL CENTENNIAL COMMISSION

by L.W. Upshaw, Chairman

The Montana Territorial Centennial Commission is a department of state government, created by the Legislatures of 1960 and 1962 for the sole purpose of providing a significant statewide celebration during the full year of 1964. We will commemorate both creation of the territory (1864) as well as 75 exciting years of statehood (1889), by and for the people of Montana. Our Commission, established as a non-profit organization, is composed of prominent and especially qualified citizens—dedicated men and women, alike, who have great respect for their heritage and love for their State. Several original members in recent years have given freely of their time and talents. Our staff and 72 current Commission members are now deeply engaged in the final phases of this worthy endeavor, assisted by other splendid Committees in most of the 56 counties. ✳ Virtually all of the Centennial's proposed million dollar budget has been achieved by initiative and ingenuity, through private contributions (including extensive corporate grants) with recourse to only $200,000 of public monies approved by the 1962 Legislature. Our Commission will function through 1964; with liquidation certain by July 1, 1965. Some of the most exciting Centennial events will be either locally financed or self-supporting. Nevertheless, because of the well-conceived master plan, perfected over the past four years, 1964 is certain to provide our region's most broad-gauged, history-based, grass-roots festivity in which every citizen of the Treasure State, young or old, may freely participate. The 1964 Centennial Celebration—including the Centennial Train, Rose Bowl parade at Pasadena, and New York World's Fair exhibit—holds full promise of being the most entertaining, fun-filled year that Montanans, as well as a record number of tourists and visitors to the State, or in other areas, will ever experience. ✳ This official Centennial program, edited by Secretary Michael Kennedy (Director of the Montana Historical Society and Editor of MONTANA, The Magazine of Western History) has been planned as a vital part of our widespread program. It fully interprets our official theme, "Celebrating a Colorful Century." This beautiful journalistic adjunct of the celebration provides vital information on the Big Sky State; and despite the necessity of going to press early, it broadly documents major events of the Centennial year, as well as what to "see, do and know about in this vast recreational and history-blessed paradise." We believe it is the best single publication ever prepared to interpret—succinctly but brilliantly—The Montana Story. Reading these fascinating pages is like turning back the clock, briefly, on the drama of one hundred glorious years!

Gov. Tim Babcock

L. W. Upshaw

Oscar P. Balgord

Norma Beatty

Mrs. Hubert Bell

Burley Bowler

Ben Brownfield

William T. J. Mannix

Michael S. Kennedy

Merrill G. Burlingame

Larry Busch

Paul J. Campbell

William C. Campbell

Robert D. Corette

MONTANA TERRITORIAL CENTENNIAL COMMISSION

GOVERNOR TIM BABCOCK—Gov. Babcock became chief executive Jan. 25, 1962 following the untimely death of Governor Donald G. Nutter. Gov. Babcock grew up on the family homestead near Glendive, was graduated from Dawson County High School. After World War II, he became head of Babcock & Lee Transportation Company. In 1952, at age 32, he was elected to the House of Representatives from Custer County. After moving to Billings, he was re-elected for two more terms, from Yellowstone County. Completing his third term, he ran successfully for Lieutenant Governor. He is a member of Rotary, the Elks, the Shrine, Veterans of Foreign Wars and American Legion.

L. W. UPSHAW, *Great Falls*—General Chairman; Executive Committee—When Mr. Upshaw's appointment as Executive General Chairman was made by the 1961 State Legislature, he had already been working for more than a year to make the state's Centennial celebration an outstanding one. Mr. Upshaw is a past district governor of Rotary and holds memberships in P.G.P., O.E.S., V.F.W., M.O.A., Elks, York Rite and Mystic Shrine of the Masonic Lodge and American Legion. He was chairman of the Great Falls Diamond Jubilee, has written and directed many Montana pageants, directed symphony orchestras and served as president of the Montana Community Concert series.

WILLIAM T. J. (TED) MANNIX, *Deer Lodge*—Vice Chairman; Executive Committee—During the past two-years, Mr. Mannix has traveled to Helena frequently to help organize and promote the state-wide Centennial celebration. He has owned and operated the Mannix Feed Store for 15 years, served in the State Legislature as Senator from Powell County and was a member of the State Legislative Council. His grandmother, Cornelia Soat Van Gundy, came west to Bannock as a pioneer in 1863. His parents were prominent ranchers in the early, open-range days. As a result of his rich heritage, Mr. Mannix has long been active in the affairs of Sons and Daughters of Montana Pioneers.

MICHAEL S. KENNEDY, *Helena*—Secretary; Executive Committee—Before directing the Montana Historical Society, Mr. Kennedy earned degrees at Montana State and Northwestern Universities, edited California and Montana newspapers and was State Director of the Federal Writers Project. He is member of Sigma Delta Chi, Montana Institute of Arts, American Federation of Arts, American Museum Assoc., Western History Assoc., American Association of State and Local History, American History Assoc. and Sons and Daughters of Montana Pioneers. Mr. Kennedy advises the Cowboy Hall of Fame. He currently is editing *The Book of Cowboys* and Charles Russell's *Counting Coup*.

OSCAR P. BALGORD, *Lavina*—Executive Committee—A veteran legislator, Mr. Balgord makes his home at Lavina where he is a rancher and businessman. He came to Montana from South Dakota in 1910 and filed a homestead which he continues to own. He served three terms as a Representative in the State Legislature and has served 12 terms as a State Senator. He has been a director of the Montana Reclamation Association for 20 years and was president in 1948.

MERRILL G. BURLINGAME, *Bozeman*—Dean of the region's historians, Dr. Burlingame is chairman of Montana State's Department of History and Government. He is a long-time member of the Montana Historical Society's Board of Trustees, and a founding member of the Montana Institute of the Arts. He is the author and editor of a number of significant books: "*John M. Bozeman, Montana Trailmaker*", "*The Montana Frontier*", "*A History of Montana*" (with K. Ross Toole) and "*From Wilderness to Statehood*".

NORMA BEATTY, *Great Falls*—A leading television personality seen daily as hostess of KRTV's "Today in Montana" show, Miss Beatty is a Helena native and journalism graduate of Montana State University. While working in New York for *Life* and *MD* magazines, she founded the Montana Club of New York and helped develop the Gary Cooper Collection for Montana's Historical Society. She belongs to the Montana Art Institute (Writer's Group) and the Great Falls Ad and Press Clubs

LARRY BUSCH, *Baker*—Now retired, Mr. Busch served Montana both as a State Senator and State Representative from Fallon County. He came to Montana in 1914 as a stenographer and worked in Baker for a real estate and farm mortgage company and a law firm before serving in World War I. After the war, he returned to Baker and formed an abstract, title, insurance and real estate business which he operated until his retirement a few years ago.

MRS. HUBERT BELL, *Kalispell*—Vione Bell is one of Montana's most dynamic female leaders. As state president of the Montana Federation of Women's Clubs, she is leading a drive for funds which will enable the Montana Historical Society to restore Helena's historic Chessman home (and former Governor's Mansion). Mrs. Bell is a Montana college graduate, a former teacher and has given years of service to the Girl Scouts, Episcopal Church, Order of Eastern Star and Daughters of the Nile.

PAUL J. CAMPBELL, *Glasgow*—Owner of the Glasgow Hotel and Campbell Lodge, Mr. Campbell has long been active in community affairs. He has been a director of the Montana Chamber of Commerce, president of the Glasgow Chamber of Commerce and is a member of the Masons and Elks. His first experience in Montana was as a ranch hand near Malta. After working in Minnesota and North Dakota, he returned to Glasgow as a salesman before going into the hotel business.

BURLEY BOWLER, *Scobey*—Pioneer Montana newspaperman, Mr. Bowler began his career in 1914 as a printer and later as editor of newspapers at Flaxville, Antelope, Plentywood and Scobey. In 1924, he purchased the *Daniels County Leader* at Scobey. He also spent three years as secretary to the late Senator Zales N. Ecton at Washington, D.C. Mr. and Mrs. Bowler celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary in 1961. Two of their three children are prominent Montana newspapermen.

WILLIAM C. CAMPBELL, *Helena*—Son of a colorful pioneer editor, Mr. Campbell is currently advertising director of the *Helena Independent Record*. He has worked in all phases of newspapering, publishes the *Montana Masonic News* and has recorded the Capitol City's rich history in his book, *From the Quarries of Last Chance Gulch*. He is an alumnus of Montana State University and prominent in Masons, Shrine and many other civic groups.

BEN BROWNFIELD, *Glendive*—Engaged in the livestock business since 1931, Mr. Brownfield owns a cattle ranch near Glendive and resides in that city with his family. In 1961, he sold his Carter County ranch. Mr. Brownfield represented Carter County in the State Legislature for six terms, two in the House and two in the Senate. He was born at the ranch home of his parents, near Piniele in Southeastern Montana.

ROBERT D. CORETTE, *Butte*—Executive Committee—Native Montanan, Mr. Corette has served on Centennial Executive Board since 1960. Lawyer and rancher, he is director of The Montana Power Co., Altana Exploration Co., Western Gas Co., Metals Bank & Trust Co.; former president of Montana and Butte Chambers of Commerce, Exchange Club, Butte Executives Club; member of American and Montana Bar Associations, Silver Bow Club, Montana Club.

Montana's pioneer flyers...

Courtesy of "MEN OF ACTION" an International Harvester Co. magazine

flying more types of air services than any other company in the entire world

- Aerial Smoke Jumpers
- Fire Cargo Drops
- Para Rescue
- Fire Retardant Drops
- Forest Fire Patrol
- Thunderstorm Control
- Point to Point Cargo
- Timber Spraying
- Grasshopper Control
- Seeding of Timber and Grasslands
- Aerial Survey
- Aerial Photography
- Insect Survey
- Passenger Charter

Johnson flying service, inc MISSOULA

Mountain Flying Specialists — 36 Fixed-Wing — 6 Helicopters

FAITHFUL FLAVOR WITH

Old Faithful

AND PENNY WISE

MEAT & MEAT PRODUCTS

The Pierce Packing Company — modern and up to date; Federally Inspected.

Serving eleven Western States — the finest meat products available anywhere, all processed in Montana.

A vigorous growing Company contributing substantially to Montana's economic development.

PIERCE PACKING CO.

BILLINGS, MONTANA

Lloyd Crippen

Lyle Downing

Chet Dreher

Rev. David F. Dwyer

Sam Gilluly

Gen. H. E. Goldsworthy

W. A. Groff

Bert Hansen

Judge Ben Harwood

Dale C. Hawkins

Clyde L. Hawks

Frank W. Hazelbaker

Arnold O. Johnson

Howard T. Kelsey

MONTANA TERRITORIAL CENTENNIAL COMMISSION

LLOYD CRIPPEN, *Butte*—Steering the broad Centennial program for Silver Bow County is Mr. Crippen, Anaconda's assistant state director of public relations. Mr Crippen has served as secretary-manager, Butte Chamber of Commerce; as chairman of finance campaigns for the American Cancer Society and the American Red Cross; chairman, U S. Savings Bond campaign for A.C.M.'s Western Operations. Mr Crippen was born in Alzada and attended Montana State University.

LYLE DOWNING, *Helena*—Executive Committee—A Bozeman native, Mr. Downing currently directs publicity for the Centennial Commission in addition to his regular duties as State House reporter for the *Helena Independent* and the Associated Press. A newspaperman for over 40 years, he has worked on such papers as the *Seattle Star*, *Cleveland Press* and *Portland Oregonian*. He was assistant publicity director for the 1959 Oregon Centennial.

CHET DREHER, *Helena*—A most talented young photographer, Mr. Dreher has enriched the archives of one of the most photogenic areas of America since coming to the Montana State Highway Department in 1958. His mother was a homesteader; and Mr. Dreher pioneered in Eastern Montana photo studies before his present assignment. Many of his outstanding photographs appear in this publication, which he helped edit.

REV. DAVID F. DWYER, *Stockett*—Father Dwyer is pastor of St. Cyril and St. Methodius Church in Stockett, chaplain of the Great Falls Serra Club and Diocesan Director of Youth and Vocations, and Confraternity of Christian Doctrine. He was born in Seattle, raised in Great Falls and trained at St. Edward's Seminary, Kenmore, Wash. From 1957 to 1962, he was pastor at St. Ann's Cathedral and executive secretary of Heisey Youth Center in Great Falls.

REV. A. J. FERRETTI, S.J., *St. Ignatius*—As Superior to St. Ignatius Mission (est. 1854), Father Ferretti comes to the Commission from one of the state's best known historical locations. A native of Tacoma, Wash., he received his early education there and later attended Santa Clara University in California. He earned B.A. and M.A. degrees from Gonzaga University, Spokane, and did post graduate work at Georgetown University, Washington, D. C.,

SAM GILLULY, *Helena*—His many years in the newspaper business has made Mr. Gilluly valuable not only to the State Chamber but to the Commission as well. He presently holds the job of publications and government manager for the Montana Chamber. A native of Billings, Mr. Gilluly graduated from M.S.U. School of Journalism and has worked on several Montana newspapers including the *Missoulian*, *Great Falls Tribune* and served as editor of the *Glasgow Courier*.

BRIG. GENERAL HARRY E. GOLDSWORTHY, *Washington, D. C.*—Although transferred from Malmstrom Air Force Base, Great Falls, Gen. Goldsworthy continues to provide valuable assistance to the Centennial Celebration. Through his efforts, a spectacular air show will be staged at Great Falls in July, 1964. A native of Spokane, he attended Washington State College before entering the Air Corps in 1939 and compiling a distinguished World War II record

W. A. GROFF, *Victor*—A well-known Democratic State Legislator, Mr. Groff lives in Victor where he grew up. He is president of the Farmers State Bank and has served Ravalli County as a State Senator since 1955. His legislative duties have included chairmanship of the Finance Committee, chairmanship of the Committee on Committees, chairmanship of the Rules Committee and majority floor leader.

BERT HANSEN, *Missoula*—An educator from Montana State University, Mr. Hansen has a distinguished record for writing the most historical dramas on The Treasure State. He has written, directed and produced 53 historical pageants in Montana, Colorado, Wyoming and Kansas. Mr. Hansen studied at the University of Michigan, University of Washington and Yale University. He has taught at the University of Washington, Denver University and Montana State College.

JUDGE BEN HARWOOD, *Billings*—Judge Harwood, another barrister serving the Commission, was named to the 13th Judicial District in 1936 and retired in 1960 to return to private practice in Billings. He received his Ph.D from Yale and an LL.B. from Harvard. Admitted to the Montana Bar in 1925, he practiced in Billings and served as Yellowstone County Attorney. He is active in many civic groups, including the Montana Historical Society.

DALE C. HAWKINS, *Billings*—Sparking the Yellowstone County Committee is Dale Hawkins, Billings real estate broker. Mr. Hawkins has helped promote a number of civic projects for Billings, including a "park and shop" plan for the downtown area. He has served the Billings Chamber of Commerce and the City Airport Commission. In 1942, he was awarded the Montana Chamber of Commerce Distinguished Service Award. He has been a Montana resident since 1938.

FRANK W. HAZELBAKER, *Dillon*—A five-time State Representative from Missoula and Beaverhead Counties, Mr. Hazelbaker was Speaker of the House at the past session. He has also been a Railroad and Public Service Commissioner and Secretary of the Senate. He owns an insurance-real estate business and participates in Rotary, Chamber of Commerce, Stockgrowers and Woolgrowers Associations, Farm Bureau and Sons and Daughters of Montana Pioneers.

ARNOLD O. JOHNSON, *Big Timber*—Mr. Johnson is a prominent central Montana Oldsmobile dealer and a director of the Big Timber Building and Loan Company. Born in Wisconsin, he moved to Big Timber, attended schools there and has been a community leader all his life. He has provided leadership in the Masonic Lodge, County Republican Central Committee, Moose Club and Al Bedoo Shrine.

HOWARD T. KELSEY, *Gallatin Gateway*—Executive Board—An enthusiastic Centennial booster, Mr. Kelsey has served as chairman of the Centennial Train and sparked the idea of a Montana exhibit at the World's Fair. A Bozeman area resident since 1927, Mr. Kelsey owns the Nine Quarter Circle Dude Ranch near Yellowstone. After studying engineering at Montana State College, he became associated with Firestone, J. I. Case, and John Deere.

E. L. Kunkel, Jr.

Brig. Gen. L. S. Lightner

Judge Lester H. Loble

James P. Lucas

Dave Manning

Mrs. G. Monkman

Earl Moritz

Gordon McGowan

Gerald T. Neils

Richard Nixon

Dick Pace

J. K. Ralston

Edward I. Renouard

Luther A. Richman

MONTANA TERRITORIAL CENTENNIAL COMMISSION

E. L. KUNKEL, JR., *Anaconda*—Now president of Daly Bank and Trust Company, Mr. Kunkel is an active supporter of civic activities. After graduating from the University of Idaho, he came to the bank as a bookkeeper in 1935 and served as executive vice president from 1948 to 1961. He is active in American Institute of Banking work and a member of the Anaconda Elks, Rotary, Chamber of Commerce and Shrine organizations.

BRIG. GENERAL LAWRENCE S. LIGHTNER, *Great Falls*—Current Commander at Malmstrom Air Force Base, Gen. Lightner has served his country since earning his wings in 1941. He flew 24 combat missions over Europe during World War II, and has commanded wings and bases since then at locations around the globe. He was educated at Ohio Wesleyan University, military Command and General Staff School and Air War College.

JUDGE LESTER H. LOBLE, *Helena*—Executive Committee—Legal guidance for the Commission has been shared by Judge Loble, a well-known authority on juvenile problems. A member of the National Council of Juvenile Court Judges, Judge Loble recently was appointed, for the third time, as special advisor to the National Committee on Juvenile Deliquency. A native of Helena, Judge Loble has served as State Chairman and National Committeeman of the Democratic party.

JAMES P. LUCAS, *Miles City*—Mr. Lucas is among several barristers serving the Commission. He holds a B.A. and LL.B. from Montana State University; served as Custer County Attorney from 1953-62, and maintains a law practice in Miles City. He was elected State Representative in 1963; is a member of the Montana Space Committee, the Montana and American Bar Associations, and the National Association of Prosecuting Attorneys.

DAVE MANNING, *Hysham*—Dean of the Montana Legislature, Mr. Manning has served the voters continuously since 1933. He formerly served as Democratic Speaker of the House and now is serving as President of the Senate. He frequently has been mentioned as a possible candidate for Governor of the State in 1964. When not occupied with political affairs, Mr. Manning carries on his successful business life as a contractor.

MRS. GORDON (OLGA) MONKMAN, *Choteau*—A one-time Montana rural school teacher, Mrs. Monkman is the wife of Gordon E. Monkman, veteran clerk and recorder. Her record of community leadership includes participation in Red Cross, Eastern Star, American Legion Auxiliary, Girl Scouts and farm youth group programs. She was formerly clerk of the Bynum School Board, where she and her husband lived on a ranch until moving to Choteau.

EARL MORITZ, *Lewistown*—Mr. Moritz, Republican State Senator, is an early member of the Commission, having been appointed by the late Governor Donald Nutter. A native of Iowa, Mr. Moritz has resided in Montana for 38 years. He operates a construction business, and holds memberships in the Elks, Eagles, Masons and Shrine. In 1940, he was chairman of the successful National Governors' Conference at Glacier National Park. Presently, he is a member of the Montana Legislative Council.

GORDON McGOWAN, *Highwood*—A rancher and State Senator with more than ten years in office, Mr. McGowan is noted for having promoted many improvements in his home town and Chouteau County. He founded the Commercial Club which helped bring electricity, street lights, a telephone system and other improvements to Highwood. He formed the Chouteau County Soil Conservation Project and served as supervisor from 1943 to 1961.

GERALD T. NEILS, *Libby*—A descendant of one of the region's most important timbering families, and now a part owner and operator of a large trout-raising enterprise, Mr. Neils lives in the lush, fertile country of Libby where he was born and reared. In addition to trout-raising, he also raises Hereford cattle south of Libby. A 1949 graduate of Montana State University, Mr. Neils serves on the local school board as well as being active in other community groups.

RICHARD NIXON, *Hogeland*—Mr. Nixon is the well-known Democratic Legislator who has served residents of Blaine County continuously for nine sessions. After coming from Wisconsin in 1929, he settled near Hogeland and, for several years, was in partnership with his brother. Since 1948, he has operated his own ranch. Mr. Nixon is a member of the American Legion, Masons and Shrine, and has been active in many state-wide civic projects.

DICK PACE, *Virginia City*—Montana's second Territorial Capitol, Virginia City, has received national recognition through efforts of Mr. Pace, freelance writer and public relations man. Mr. Pace attended Montana State University and is the author of one book and several articles on what he terms his "major pre-occupations: Virginia City and Montana". A native of Bozeman, he holds office on the executive board of the Sons and Daughters of Montana Pioneers.

J. K. RALSTON, *Billings*—A widely-known artist, Mr. Ralston received his formal training at the Chicago Art Institute and now maintains a studio in his log cabin home in Billings. Born in Marysville, Mr. Ralston rode for some of the last big open-range cattle outfits. Descendant of one of the state's oldest families, he is a member of the Sons and Daughters of Montana Pioneers, Montana Institute of the Arts, Yellowstone County Historical Society, and the Custer Battlefield Memorial Commission.

EDWARD I. RENOUARD, *Butte*—A native of Butte, Mr. Renouard is Montana vice president of the Anaconda Mining Co. Son of an early-day mine foreman, Mr. Renouard became a miner before finishing high school; then continued working in the mines while getting an engineering degree from Montana School of Mines. In 1963, he received the William Lawrence Saunders Gold Medal from the American Institute of Mining, Metallurgical and Petroleum Engineers.

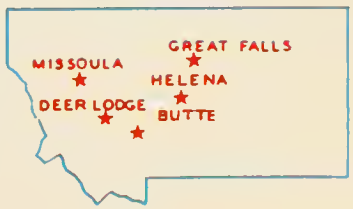
LUTHER ANTON RICHMAN, *Missoula*—Serving the Centennial Commission as Music Chairman, Dr. Richman arranged all symphony and choral activities for the Centennial celebration. He was formerly Dean of the College of Fine Arts and Professor of Music at Montana State University. He holds such degrees as Master of Music, Master of Arts, Doctor of Education and Honorary Doctor of Music. He has served on the faculties of the University of Cincinnati and the University of Pennsylvania.

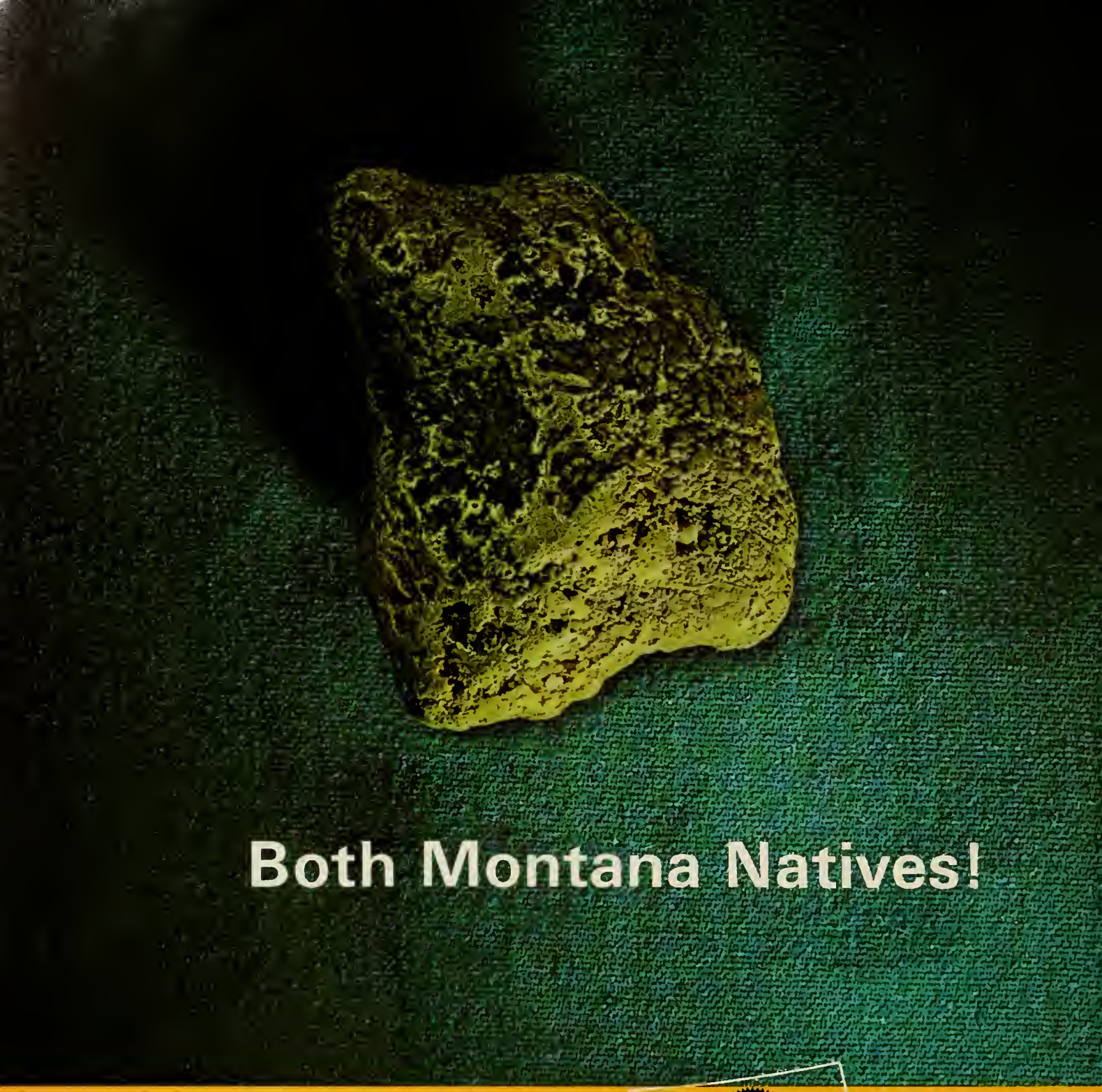
4 B's Cafes, INC.

...featuring meats from Montana's finest BEEF cattle

Curtice Martin Registered Herefords—America's oldest continuous Registered Hereford Herd, founded by Col. W. H. Curtice of Eminence, Kentucky in 1883. In 1917 this herd was brought to Stevensville, Mont.

...try our famous "Centennial Steak"





Glacier General Assurance Co.

Home Office: Missoula, Montana

Insure with a Montana Company...

Let's keep it here!

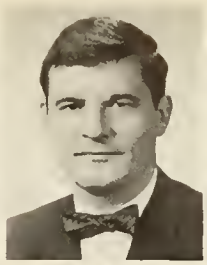
Fred L. Robinson

John M. Ryall

Otto H. Sassman

Robert J. Scanlon

Grover Schmidt


Lloyd G. Schermer

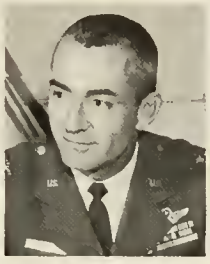
George Sime

John F. M. Travis

Ray Wayrnen

Rev. M. J. Wilcox, Sr.

George W. Wilson


Colonel R. H. Worrell

Henry L. Zahn

MONTANA TERRITORIAL CENTENNIAL COMMISSION

FRED L. ROBINSON, *Malta*—A distinguished public servant, Mr. Robinson has also operated the Malta Auto Company, first as a partner, then owner, since 1922. Local public offices he has held include county assessor, city councilman, mayor and school board member. On a state and national level, Mr. Robinson has been a State Senator, President Pro Tem of the State Senate for two terms and Republican National Committeeman for the state of Montana.

JOHN M. RYALL, *Livingston*—Coming to Montana after World War I, Mr. Ryall worked for the Gateway Motor Company from 1921 until he retired as owner in 1963. His active civic and community life has included affiliations with the American Legion, Elks, Masonic Lodge, Scottish Rite and Algeria Temple of the Shrine. Mr. Ryall was born and raised in northern Wisconsin before serving in the first world war.

OTTO H. SASSMAN, *Dillon*—Now publisher of the *Daily Tribune-Examiner*, Mr. Sassman has spent more than 30 years in newspapering as apprentice, printer and publisher. A native of Dillon, he grew up in the historic Beaverhead Valley and graduated from Montana State Normal College. His late father was a longtime police chief of Dillon and his mother is the daughter of one of the original pioneer families of the Beaverhead Valley.

ROBERT J. SCANLON, *Miles City*—A second generation Montana journalist Mr. Scanlon is president of the *Miles City Star*. Following the example set by his father, one of Montana's leading journalist-historians, Mr. Scanlon started with the *Star* while still in high school. He continued with the paper while in junior college, and returned after the war to work in all departments and hold positions of general manager, vice president and finally president.

GROVER SCHMIDT, *Fort Benton*—Executive Committee—A native of historic Fort Benton, Mr. Schmidt has led a versatile career life—starting as a school teacher and athletic coach, and then going into law practice in Fort Benton. Currently Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Ancient and Free & Accepted Masons of Montana, he has held state department offices in the American Legion, Kiwanis Club, as well as being a member of the State Veterans' Commission.

LLOYD G. SCHERMER, *Missoula*—Executive Committee—As publisher of *The Daily Missoulian*, Mr. Schermer has been actively promoting the Centennial since its dramatic kickoff at the Tournament of Roses in Pasadena, Calif. A native of St. Louis, Mr. Schermer says he much prefers the solitude and beauty of his retreat at Montana's Lake Placid. A graduate of Amherst and Harvard, he is active in many city, county and state civic programs.

CHARLES L. SCOFIELD, *Broadus*—Another cattleman with a strong history of political service is Mr. Scofield, owner of the Sterling Ranch. He has been a state livestock brand inspector, a school board member for 12 years and a State Legislator for 26 consecutive years. The first 12 of these 26 years were spent as a State Representative, including a term as House Speaker. Since then, he has been elected State Senator four times.

GEORGE SIME, *Helena*—As the State Highway Department's public information coordinator, Mr. Sime has been an enthusiastic Centennial booster. He is a graduate of Montana State College, and worked for the Farm Security Administration, the Forest Service and the Army Engineers before joining the Highway Department in 1956. He is a member of the Capitol City Band, the Helena Symphony Orchestra and DeMolay Advisory Council.

JOHN F. M. TRAVIS, *Havre*—Until 1963 when he sold his interests, Mr. Travis was publisher and owner of the *Havre Daily News*. A graduate and former football player at Montana State College, he gained early newspapering experience with the *Treasurebelt News* and the *Great Falls Leader*. He has served as president of the M.S.C. Alumni Association and is currently active in Rotary, Elks, Shrine, Chamber of Commerce and Montana State Press Association.

RAY WAYRNEN, *Butte*—As House Minority Leader, Mr. Wayrnen carried the banner for the Democratic Party in the Montana Legislature this past season. And when not in the Legisalture, he runs a mortuary in Butte, and keeps himself active in civic and business organizations. Mr. Wayrnen received his training at Worsham College in Chicago and came to Montana in 1932 from Hancock, Michigan.

REV. MONROE J. WILCOX, SR., *Bozeman*—One of the state's best known church leaders, the Rev. Wilcox has served as Superintendent of the Glacier Park District of the Methodist church and as delegate to the General Conference of 1956. Currently, he is chairman of the Conference Board of Christian Social Concerns in Montana. He holds degrees from Kalamozoo College and Boston University, is a Rotarian, a 32nd Degree Mason and a member of the Order of Eastern Star.

GEORGE W. WILSON, *Shelby* — Leaving his native South Sioux City, Nebraska, in 1912, Mr. Wilson came to Montana and took up an early homestead in Toole County. Since then he has accumulated 5000 acres of land, served a term as County Commissioner and held a post in the State Senate for 24 years. During his long political career, he has been a colorful orator on behalf of state civic and commercial progress.

COLONEL R. H. WORRELL, Jr., *Glasgow Air Force Base*—After graduating from Presbyterian College, Col. Worrell joined the Air Corps and earned his flying commission in early 1941. By 1948, when he participated in the Berlin Air Lift, he was a major. Later, while serving at Walker AFB, New Mexico, he became a Colonel with an aeronautical rating of command pilot. The Colonel is a Mason, Shriner and Toastmaster and enjoys golf, skiing and bowling.

HENRY L. ZAHN, *Missoula*—As manager of the Western Montana District for Northwestern National Life Insurance Co., Mr. Zahn provided able leadership for the Commission's Insurance Committee. Before entering the insurance business with his present company, he taught science and coached for 17 years in Montana schools and was a business administration instructor at Montana State University for 6 years. He is a graduate of Jamestown College.

JEROME ANDERSON	CHARLES A. BOVEY	KERMIT DANIELS	TOM HAINES	REV. C. W. McCARTHY	J. H. WALKER
LOU BAIN	JACK S. BRENNER	A. B. GUTHRIE, JR.	CLYDE L. HAWKS	*R. S. NUTT	OTIS WATERS
ALEX BLEWETT, JR.	KENNETH COLE	PAUL J. HAGEN	JOE MONTGOMERY	*HUGH K. POTTER	*Executive Committee

Other members for whom no biographical sketch or photo was available at press time.

MONTANA'S CENTENNIAL TRAIN:

Greatest Since Barnum

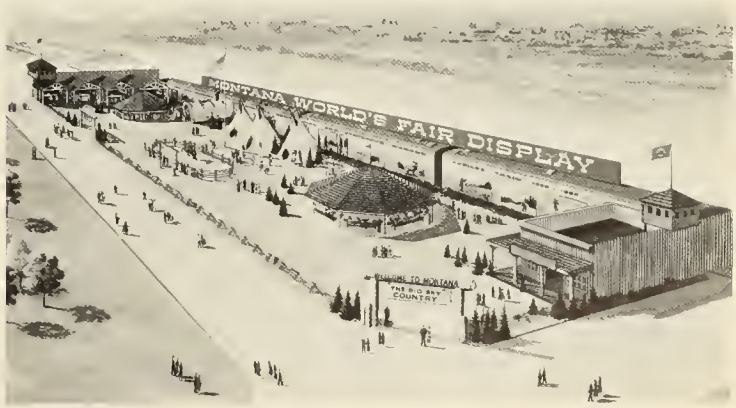
by Howard T. Kelsey, Director
Centennial Train and World's Fair Exhibit

Montana's sensational 25-car Centennial Train will travel eastward in April to generate interest in the state's 100-year celebration activities and to encourage Easterners to visit the Big Sky Country. ⁎ Aboard will be Governor Tim Babcock and other state officials, a band and more than 325 cowboys, cowgirls and Indians. During its trip through the central and eastern states, two-day stops are scheduled for Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Louisville, Cincinnati, Charleston, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Chicago, Milwaukee, Moline and Minneapolis. At the completion of the cross-country trek on May 4, seven of the brilliantly-decorated cars will remain on exhibit as part of Montana's permanent exhibit at the World's Fair in New York City. ⁎ Nearly a half mile long, the Centennial Train will house a spectacular exterior pictorial portrayal of Montana's colorful past as well as its dynamic modern-day industries. Special emphasis will be given to the state's recreational aspects. Eight by 16-foot cutouts will cover the train's exterior to stimulate excitement and imagination for the hundreds of thousands of Americans expected to tour the "Montana on wheels" exhibit. ⁎ One car will be attractively decorated with 5,000 authentic, registered Montana livestock brands owned by as many people. ⁎ The unique assortment of brands, which will be attached to the outside of the car, will be reproduced in Montana copper. Seventy-five horses plus horse drawn vehicles ranging from a Tally Ho Stage Coach to chuck wagon also will be aboard. ⁎ Other exhibit cars will contain one of the largest gold nugget displays of the West; historically famous mementos of Custer's Last Stand, Buffalo Bill, Calamity Jane, Wild Bill Hickok; Indian Arts and Crafts; life-size big game mounts, and original works of famous Western artists. ⁎ During each two-day stopover, a planned program of events will include parades, Indian tribal dances, pageants and showings of special films on Montana. Free time will be allowed so Montana residents can mingle with residents of the host area. The highlight of each stop will be a festive banquet at which the Governor of the host state will be honored in true Montana style.

Montana at the World's Fair

by Howard T. Kelsey, Director
Centennial Train and World's Fair Exhibit

Nineteenth century Spanish Conquistadores, British, German and French nobility, as well as destitute frontiersmen seeking fortunes during and after the Civil War, found arduous methods of pioneering the route to what became Montana Territory 100 years ago. ✳ The methods they used to civilize a wild country and its raw environment are still preserved. And now, a century later, much of this priceless memorabilia will be on display in Montana's Exhibit during the 1964-65 New York World's Fair. ✳ The 584-foot-long exhibit—only one of its kind at the Fair—combines three rustic log buildings, constructed in true Montana style, with seven of the 25-car Centennial Train. A unique Administration building, providing entrance to the spectacular exhibit cars, will contain light-and-sound coordinated panoramic wall murals depicting Montana's favorable climatic conditions and its fine educational and cultural features. The Gay Nineties Arcade building, serving as a museum as well as a functional unit, will contain a large and colorful collection of authentic frontier music machines (all in perfect working order). The third building will be an authentic 1880 Montana Cattle King's home. It will be completely furnished including animal mounts, guns and sporting gear on the walls. ✳ The Exhibit also will contain a huge trout and grayling pond with a rock wall fountain and fireplace, all enclosed from the elements by a rustic, hand-split cedar roof. The pond area will allow visitors to relax from the strain of Fair activities and to exchange "tall stories." ✳ Indians, representing Montana's eight tribes, will live as nearly as possible in the natural environment of several authentic plains-type tipis. They will perform ceremonial dancing, riding and archery; demonstrate Indian arts and crafts on buckskin and rawhide; and will hand make (for public exhibit and sale) items essential to their existence years ago. ✳ A peeled log corral will house a life-size buffalo, capable of charging with bowed neck while uttering a bellow of rage. A life-size Montana bucking bronc, complete with saddle, will permit visitors to mount up for picture taking. A second corral will contain Montana cattle of various breeds. ✳ The colorful Centennial Train cars will serve as a background to this rustic exhibit. Colorful, 8 feet by 16 feet murals, done with a true western touch by living Montana artists, will be mounted on the outside of the cars to provide a pictorial fantasy of Montana's history over the span of more than a century. ✳ The inside of the seven exhibit cars will represent a fabulous historical museum depicting Montana past, present and future. Included will be historically famous and valuable original paintings and sculpture by Russell, Remington and other Montana artists. Perhaps up to a million dollars worth of gold dust and nuggets, such as once came from fabulous Last Chance Gulch, Alder Gulch, Grasshopper Creek, Diamond City, Prickly Pear, and other rich Montana Territory gold strikes, also will be displayed in what is believed to be the largest selection of raw gold ever assembled in the 20th Century. An outstanding collection of memorabilia related to General George Armstrong Custer—salvaged from "Custer's Last Stand," the terrible battle on the Little Big Horn when the Seventh Cavalry was annihilated—also will be included. Visitors will see priceless and personal mementoes of such fabled characters as Calamity Jane, Wild Bill Hickok and Buffalo Bill Cody. ✳ Prized trophy game mounts, recognized by Boone & Crocket as among the world's largest, will be interspersed generously throughout the exhibit. Most of these are wild animals that lived a century ago—and are still found in abundance in Montana today: coyote, wolf, elk, bison, deer, bear, Rocky Mountain sheep, mountain goat, antelope, and mountain lion. ✳ Displays in other cars will portray the prime recreational aspects and four seasons' vacation opportunities found today only in The Big Sky Country. An idea of what Montana outdoors has to offer any visitor in the way of dude ranching, fishing, hunting, skiing, mountain scenery, and pristine wilderness will be spectacularly displayed. ✳ Foot travel over the full exhibit site will be facilitated by an 1864 boardwalk, extending from the museum train entrance to the Arcade and log ranch building. The walk will be shaded by a simulated false front deck roof of Virginia City, Montana Territory, design. ✳ Robert Moses, better known as "Mr. New York City" and the driving genius behind the World's Fair, commented that "Montana will have one of the truly authentic historic exhibits." For sure, it will be a sensational center for all who love the American West and its rugged picturesque pioneer environment!



TREASURE STATE

total vote, which barely exceeded 50,000 then. ⁎ But there's a difference—or there was a difference—between selling out and stealing, in the code of the Montanans of the time. In this very period, in the little Montana settlement in which I grew up, Joseph Hirshberg and Company, general merchandisers, kept a box in the front of the Choteau store. Into it customers tossed the keys to the door latches they bought. No one ever locked a house or cabin. To do so would have been to manifest an unworthy suspicion of Western mankind. ⁎ While the copper magnates fought, and afterwards, unionism had its ups and downs and bumps and bloodlettings in Butte. At first, organization was encouraged and leaders were courted by employers who needed the support of labor in their fights with one another. Witness that Clark and Heinze inaugurated the eight-hour day before the legislature made it mandatory in 1901. ⁎ Long before then, though, in 1878, a group of fewer than 100 miners organized. By the years 1900 to 1906 the number had grown to more than 8,000, composing the largest and strongest association of metal workers in the West. Butte held Charter No. 1 in the old Western Federation of Miners and is still Local No. 1 in its successor, the International Union of Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers, CIO. ⁎ In 1914, as a consequence of union rivalry that brought violence, bloodshed and the blasting of two buildings, martial law was proclaimed. Under its protection Butte, "the strongest union town on earth," reverted to the open shop. ⁎ In the summer of 1917, a fire deep in the Speculator Mine smothered 164 men. The workers struck, at not the happiest of times, for World War I had broken out and the public took with less than a grain of salt the consequent charges of anarchism and pro-Germanism. That suspicion was increased by the involvement of the Industrial Workers of the World, the Wobblies, who were the open enemies of the capitalistic system. Martial law again was proclaimed. Vigilante organizations attacked miners and their allies. Newspapers whipped up hysterical sentiment. ⁎ While the strike was in progress, a gang broke into the room of Frank W. Little, an IWW organizer suffering from a broken leg, and hanged him to a trestle, pinning on him the old Vigilante number, 3-7-77 (meaning three feet by seven feet by seventy-seven inches), the dimensions of a grave. The strike ended in about six months, but martial law remained in effect for more than a year. ⁎ More blood was shed three years later, when gunmen fired into a picket line near the Butte city limits, killing two men and wounding nineteen. The most recent disturbance occurred in the spring of 1946 (although there was a prolonged, but quiet strike just a few years ago). During the course of the 1946 strike, houses were stoned, windows broken furniture moved from homes, families threatened. The mob outbreak lasted sixty hours, amid outraged cries of communism and unanswered demands for martial law. The union disavowed responsibility, denounced the destroyers of property and offered its help. One hundred of its men were sworn in as special deputies. Property damage was considerable, but personal injuries few and slight unless counted among them the fatal injury of a boy by a stray bullet. ⁎ In the depression years, after the inauguration of the National Recovery Administration, Butte returned to the closed shop and again became a union stronghold. Earlier than that, following reports of the Bureau of Mines and the Public Health Service, the operators agreed to spend millions of dollars in equipment and practices to reduce the incidence of pneumonia, tuberculosis and silicosis.

REGENERATION

Violence in Butte—as it was in 1946—seems pretty far away today. So does the old wholesale corruption, if you except the sportiness that still prevails, if less extravagantly. Butte, for Butte, is quiet, or at any rate it has been for a decade. You can conclude that more amicable relationships are likely to prevail. The Anaconda Company, divorced from Standard Oil through Teddy Roosevelt's trust-busting, has displayed a much greater interest, aside from copper, in the community of Butte. It has developed open pit mining and has projected long-range plans that contrast with the philosophy and practice of the mere exploiter. It operates a clubhouse for employees, complete with theater, bowling lanes, library and game rooms, that comparatively few men could afford to belong to anywhere. ⁎ But Butte, in spite of change and decline, remains Butte, just as cosmopolitan, more outlandish and much different in make-up and temperament from other cities in the state. It is an immensely interesting, hearty, friendly place; but it isn't Montana. ⁎ Neither is the western slope quite the genuine article. It belongs more to Idaho and Oregon. Men are known to raise cherries there, and apples, which may be the finest in the land but still aren't wheat or beef or mutton. It is hard to think of a Montanan as a cherry picker or an apple knocker. He needs to have wheat straw in his hair and cottonseed cake in his whiskers. He needs to have the print of wind in his face and the mark of the saddle on his pants or the smell of sheep in his Mackinaw.

WHERE THE WEST WIND BLOWS

Most of Montana, more than four fifths of it, lies east of the Continental Divide. And it is here that you get the feel and color and smell of Montana. It is here that the west wind blows and the sky is high, where you know that space is something no one can understand, not even Albert Einstein. It's here, too, that you keep your directions straight, provided you live within sight of the front range of the Rockies, for west always are the mountains, stony and blue and beautiful against the arch of sky. ⁎ Great Falls is both more flourishing and more Montanaish than Butte. So is Billings. Geography and people have the more nearly typical stamp. Here you see and remember the men who wear outdoors indoors. ⁎ Great Falls lies in a bend of the Missouri, close to the mouth of Sun River. The main range of the Rockies rears to the west. East and southeast are other ranges, the Highwoods and the Little Belts. ⁎ On a flat above the town lies East Base, selected and installed by the military for the special training of flyers because so many days are clear. The site now is the headquarters command for a great string of Minutemen missiles reaching across a vast area. ⁎ Great Falls didn't start as a mushroom town, generated by gold or copper. It started slowly, planned by a man who saw its industrial possibilities. The man was Paris Gibson. In 1883, three years after he had looked at the site, he came back from Minneapolis with a surveyor and an attorney and plotted the townsite. It wasn't long until a hydroelectric plant—first of the present-day four—was installed at one of the numerous falls that break the nearby Missouri. Before then a flour mill, planing mill, lumber-

(Continued on page 61)

Sunset Memorial Gardens of Montana

The kiss of the Sun for pardon,
The song of the birds for mirth;
One's nearer God's heart in a Garden,
Than anywhere else on earth.

... DOROTHY FRANCIS

A MONTANA OWNED INDUSTRY. LOCATIONS AT: ANACONDA, BUTTE, BOZEMAN, GREAT FALLS, HELENA, MISSOULA.

EARL R. SORENSON, Helena
President, General Manager

RICHARD D. RAY, Great Falls
Vice President

HUGH CHOQUETTE, Butte
Vice President

HAROLD ADAMS, Helena
Treasurer

WAYNE CASMAN, Helena
Executive Secretary

Farmers Union Central Exchange Refinery, Laurel, Montana

The Farmers Union Central Exchange and its 850 affiliated cooperatives, from the Great Lakes to the Pacific — including 120 local companies owned by 60,000 Montanans — salutes the great state of Montana on its anniversary. May the next century be as progressive as the last.

FARMERS UNION CENTRAL EXCHANGE SOUTH ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA

"The Northwest's Leading Farm Supply Cooperative"

TREASURE STATE

yard, school, bank, and newspaper had started operations. Here, in what a few years before had been the heartland of the savage Blackfeet, white institutions took root. ✳ The greatest institution, though, is not dams or refineries or industries of any sort. It is the memory of a man—Charlie Russell, cowboy artist, sculptor, author, wit and hearty liver, who combined in one personality the characteristics Montanans most admire. His paintings command big figures now. So does his sculpture. His books have entertained thousands and thousands. But it isn't his work that the Montanan particularly likes to talk about. It is Charlie, dead now for thirty-seven years—Charlie with his easy conviviality, his store of stories, his love for the old Montana, his Will Rogerish ability to point up a situation with a crack. ✳ A rancher who was a friend of Charlie's leased his place to a character reputed to be an honest prohibition farmer. In the course of a couple of years the farmer made off with nearly all the equipment on the ranch. ✳ Charlie commented: "It looks like the only thing that honest prohibition farmer won't take is a drink." ✳ High on the rimrock above Billings, bronze Bill Hart sits his bronze cayuse while jets blast in and out of the airport nearby. Let them ride the sky. He is the Range Rider of the Yellowstone, overlooking the great reaches that cowpunchers used to work. Four hundred feet down, on the bank of the Yellowstone, rests the town, prosperous in a valley that a reporter of 1874 termed "valuable for neither agriculture, grazing, nor minerals . . . " The reporter was wrong about grazing, and he didn't reckon with irrigation. Billings is cow country and oil. It is sugar-beet country and alfalfa country and wool country. And it is Montana country.

THE WIDE OPEN SPACES

In a state like Montana, where population is small and space great, human affairs are immediate and personal. Welfare legislation is not an imponderable, written in answer to statistics. The man who draws unemployment money, the oldster who receives assistance—these are known to their communities, not always favorably. The Montanan, especially the old-timer, is apt to sniff and ask what things are coming to. Physically his world is large; population-wise it is small. He gets a look at things. Both the largeness and the smallness affect him. He finds it hard to imagine a crowded world, difficult to think of humanity en masse. And so, I might add, would you. This is a different world from the Midwest and East. Different circumstances bear on judgment. You feel isolated, happily isolated, free of the frets of our time. Let the world go hang. It is at this point that you need to remind yourself that we tried to let it go hang before. ✳ Part of the citizenry is glad that the ratio of space to population is high. They don't want a lot of outlanders to people the unpeopled places, to fish out the trout streams and spoil the hunting. Another part wants to promote the state, but even the promoters, like the Montana Chamber of Commerce, speak rather cautiously of small, home-owned industry that would help to solve the seasonal unemployment problem. With syndicate operations and mechanization growing both on farms and in lumber areas, they foresee even fewer seasonal jobs. ✳ The effect on this problem of an enormous Federal program of river development little known outside Montana is yet to be seen. The Hungry Horse Dam (on the south Fork of the Flathead near Columbia Falls), its boosters said, would change the face of Western Montana, by offering cheap power to attract new industry. This gigantic project which cost more than a hundred million dollars, brought in only one major new industry—a sizeable aluminum plant, operated by the Anaconda Company at Columbia Falls. It stores some three and a half million acre-feet of water, generates three hundred thousand kilowatts of power and adds another eight hundred thousand to the downstream plants on the Columbia. It rates next in size to Hoover, Grand Coulee and Shasta dams. ✳ Now the drums are beating for construction of several more whoppers—Knowles dam and Libby (which would back the roaring Kootenai into Canada) and which together might produce more than a million kilowatts—on the western watershed; from one to several dams on the Big Muddy along the vast historic hinterland reaching from Fort Benton to Fort Peck; and still others proposed, or underway (Clark Canyon near Dillon), for the Jefferson, Madison, and Yellowstone River drainages. Yellowtail Dam, not too far from the tragic terrain of Custer's Last Stand, is now a-building; a giant 520 feet high, 1450 feet long concrete barrier across the rampaging Bighorn in the ancestral lands of the Crow Indians. ✳ Neither the commercial boosters nor their opposites in Montana seem much upset at a very slow growth in population—about a fourteen per cent growth in the past decade. That means fewer than three-quarters of a million people in the state, or about four and one half to the square mile. Enough, most Montanans would say. ✳ In part, it is perhaps space and climate that give the Montana resident his humor, his readiness to accept, his disinclination to exaggerate the importance of self. Spacious Montana, far and away the fourth largest state in the Union, is a mighty country—146,997 square miles of badlands, high plains, foothills, mountain spurs, glaciered mountains, valleys. The tourist finds the drive from border to border, north and south, a fair day's wheeling. The Great Northern's crack Empire Builder, toiling east across the mountains by way of Marias Pass and dropping to the endless plain, takes just ten minutes short of twelve hours getting from Troy, on the western edge, to Glasgow, which is still one hundred and twenty crow-flight miles from the North Dakota border. The state is rugged. It possesses a grim beauty. Any way the eye looks, it is filled—with nothing, said an Easterner who couldn't see. The grandeur of the place makes self-concern incongruous.

WEATHER WHIMSEYS

Weather does too. You never can tell what will happen to your prospects in a country in which the temperature ranges from 50° below zero to 110° above. What you do come to realize is that nature isn't overly concerned with you. Montanans take the climate without even due complaint. Cold? Hell, the eastern sloper will tell you, there isn't a month in Montana without at least one day in which a man will be comfortable in his shirt sleeves. Ever feel a chinook? he asks. Chinook? It's a warm wind from the west. Last time it started up, a rancher who'd come to town by sled just managed, going home, to keep his front bobs on the snow. Like to killed his horse doing it. ✳ The exaggeration isn't so extreme. Balmy days do come in midwinter. Snow doesn't often stay on the ground very long except at high altitudes. ✳ Another element helps to mold the Montanan. It is the element of peril—peril from climate, animals, geography, seclusion. In nearly any graveyard can be found markers to sheepherders who died in blizzards with their bands. One July night a Dupuyer sheepman named Broadhurst

(Continued on page 63)

HEREFORDS... *Montana's Greatest Treasure*

Hereford cattle are the backbone of Montana's Livestock Industry, which is the life-blood of the state's economy. Purebred Hereford Breeders register 23,000 calves annually to help Commercial Breeders produce nearly a 1,000,000 feeder calves each year for a beef hungry nation.

"Buy Montana Herefords," their rugged constitutions and superior beef qualities assure you a profit.

Write to the Montana Hereford Association, Fishtail, Montana, for a free Directory and Buyers' Guide of Montana's progressive Hereford Breeders.

Montana HEREFORD Association

TREASURE STATE

Smith left his summer-range camp to relieve the night herder. He took a .30-.30 carbine with him. He had settled down for the night when he heard a disturbance in the band. Two grizzly bears were there. He ran at them, shouting, and scared one away. The other began to circle him. As it reared, he shot it down, worked the lever of his rifle and advanced to administer the *coup de grace*. The hammer clicked on an empty chamber. The sound brought the bear up. It charged Smith and mauled him badly. When it had left him, Smith started, too soon, to crawl away, fearful that if he waited he'd die from loss of blood. The bear came back, fiercer than before. It tore his scalp away. It bit him, bonedeep, on arms and legs and shoulders. It clawed his face. Afterward, Smith somehow got to camp and climbed a horse and rode for help. He survived the horseback ride, survived an eighty-mile automobile trip to a Great Falls hospital, survived wounds and shock and loss of blood, and was back on his ranch in short order. ⁂ The frontier is so close that social stratification hardly exists in Montana. The man of money and command plays poker with his barber. There's no worship of ancestors, or landholders, little kowtowing to money, not much regard for the dubious bases that snobbery rests on. ⁂ There are exceptions. The Indian, for instance, the mixed-blood. No absolute cleavage exists here; the aborigine may win to brotherhood; but some Montanans are likely to feel, without assessing causes, that Indians, and "breeds" are thieves and no-goods, for whom nothing can or need be done. Too bad, they'll say, the way the South treats Negroes. ⁂ The Montanan has escaped the evangelical religions. He allows his neighbor the right to believe and the right to live in his belief—unless the neighbor happens to be a Hutterite. ⁂ The Hutterites are a sect, agrarian and socialistic. They won't bear arms. They live apart, in barracks, refusing to participate in the lives of the communities which they've settled. And more and more of them have been entering Montana as a consequence of restrictive legislation in Canada. ⁂ Montanans don't like them, don't like their whiskers, their dowdy, uniform dress, their seclusion, their socialism. They say they spoil a country. They say there ought to be a law. ⁂ If religious convictions, with this exception, are respected, if snobbery scarcely exists, there remains a rigidity in political and economic opinions, a tendency to damn a man if he dares differ from the bunch, a kind of intellectual Vigilanteism. The defender of the Hutterites, for whom something certainly can be said, is likely to be regarded as a crackpot or a rascal. Up to a point you can be free and have friends. Beyond that point you have to pay a price. People haven't time or temper for fool ideas. Not until recent years did Montanans begin to pay real attention to its past, perhaps for the reason that history just walked out the door. (Now, the Montana Historical Society has the nation's second largest membership.) People still living can remember when Paris Gibson founded Great Falls. Within the life-times of others occurred the massacre on the Marais River, where a band of friendly Piegans were savagely and senselessly slaughtered. It isn't so far back to General Custer and the Battle of the Little Big Horn, nor so far from there to gold strikes on Grasshopper Creek and in Alder and Last Chance gulches. History? It had hardly happened yet. ⁂ Along came a man named Bob Fletcher, though, with both interest in and knowledge of the state's past. Then on the staff of the highway department, he had an idea. He wanted to put signs—big ones—along the roads to tell tourists about the country they were passing through. Now, on road signs widely copied elsewhere, motorists, pulling up at convenient driveouts, get pieces of information written humorously and accurately by Fletcher himself. ⁂ Along came another man, out of St. Paul, to raise wheat in Cascade County. Charlie Bovey got interested in history, too, so interested, first, that at Great Falls he established Old Town, a re-creation of the Montana settlement of the 1880's or 1890's, complete with barbershop, saloon, smithy, general merchandising establishment and the outmoded goods and fittings that went with them. Not content with that, he later revived Virginia City, a moldering mining camp where road agents and Vigilantes once raised Ned. The old spots there have long been restored, the furniture and trappings rounded up and put in place. The town swarms now with tourists. Plays are put on; family nights are held at the old brewery. One bartender wears a mustache like a longhorn's points. Hurdy-gurdies and music boxes play. Peep-show machines hold pictures that, from this point in time, are more comic than risque. Quite a place. Now, for good measure, he has completely rebuilt a semblance of the nearby wild old camp of Nevada City—mostly old buildings moved in from the hills and valleys of this vast region. Yet, there's not a drop of liquor, or a gambling game, on the place. ⁂ A passionate expatriate Montanan like me asks himself what binds him to the state. Is it just my interest in a time and activity, in the mind-heard echoes of old trappers on the beavered streams, in the imagined grind of prairie schooners? Is it the rise of a trout to a royal coachman? Is it a buck's antlers showing through the quaking asp? Is it scenery, space, the opportunity for solitude? Is it friends? Is it old and rich associations with places and with people? ⁂ It is these: it is mountain water over shining rock. It is stars like campfires in the sky. It is the riffle of the west wind in the redtop. It is clouds among the peaks of Glacier Park. It is a cottontail at the edge of a thicket. It is a pack trail to the Chinese Wall and the Continental Divide. It is a horseman and a bronc. It is the Blackfoot Big Lake's grave on the benchland. It is limpid fishing streams like the Madison and the Flathead and Sun River and the Teton. It is a round of ditchwaters with old-timers who by and by will get to reminiscing. It is the aching roll of badlands. It is Lewis and Clark and the things they saw that I see now. It is the girls, the lithe young girls, goldened by the blood of Scandinavia, coppered by the touch of voyageur and Indian. It is a bar of song remembered from some long-ago country-schoolhouse dance. It is the wild geese V-ing before a storm. It is the cool summer nights with the coyotes crying. ⁂ It is the informal cordiality that a man encounters from border to border. It is the grease monkey and the hasher saying "you betcha" to a request. It is the unknown rancher in a pickup who stops to ask if he can help you with a flat. ⁂ It is all these, and it is more than these. It is something else, something that makes others love the Big Sky state though they recognize its shortcomings, that gives to visitors the sense of living in a different, less fretful, and a better world. It is, as I think I've already indicated, that here one feels an individual superiority to event, a be-damned attitude toward mischance, a freedom from or ascendancy over the anxieties that press so hard elsewhere. Montanans somehow stay on top of life! *(end)*

PEERLESS PLAYGROUNDS

Outdoor life is a "way of life" for the majority of Montanans. Many visitors—seeking a more satisfying life—have moved here just to be regular participants in the four-seasons recreational attractions of the Big Sky State. ✦ Prerequisite to any recreational potpourri is a setting. Montana's gigantic 147,000 square mile playground—as attested to by other writers in this publication—is moulded into 31 distinct mountain ranges bedecked with jewelled cirques, snow clad ridges and the splendor of 11 national forests (26,000 square miles) containing nine pristine and gigantic wilderness and wild areas. Fanning out from these are the verdant foothill mesas, hay-laden valley floors and vast prairies and badlands of the east half of the state, teeming with antelope and lesser wildlife. ✦ Although most natives know that game is abundant, few realize that the average annual kill of deer (principally white-tail and mule) is in excess of 100,000; elk up to 15,000; antelope 16,000; grizzly and black bear 1500; moose 450; mountain goat 400 and mountain sheep 100. 60,000 big game animals are harvested annually in Montana's national forests. An annual fur-catch of some 100,000 beaver, badger, bobcat, coyote, red fox, lynx, marten, mink, muskrat, otter, racoon, skunk, weasel and wolverine offers some idea of the abundance of fascinating fur-bearing animals which may be seen, photographed and studied. A million registered visits by sportsmen users—almost equally shared by fishermen and hunters—are annually listed in the National Forests of the Treasure State. We have 90 species of mammals, more than 2000 wild flowers and non-flowering plants, 300 species of birds, 31 of amphibians and reptiles, 60 species of fish! No other state can approach these numbers. ✦ Water is another basic western ingredient and Montana fortunately is one of the few western states with more than its share. Moisture of the mountains is split; it drains down the many concourses to the seas of both the Atlantic and Pacific and in some cases, to the Arctic and Hudson's Bay far to the North. Locked into the wild and ever-varied crevices, valley lowlands and plains potholes are literally thousands of lakes, reservoirs and ponds, many of them teeming with fish offerings, and in the fall with geese and ducks of the northern flight. ✦ Some 4000 miles of streams of all sizes invite some of the world's best trout fishing, including 1500 miles of nationally renowned waters (of which over 400 miles are the very best blue ribbon streams, of world wide acclaim). Two of the nation's largest rivers, the Columbia and the Missouri, start in Montana as top trout streams. Few in the world can equal them. ✦ Fully at home in these ample and sporting waters are 15 of the major species of the nation's sports fishes (in addition to the exotic and unusual paddlefish, sturgeon and warm water species, such as bass and walleye). The rare high elevation golden trout and Montana grayling are special, prized offerings for the more adventurous sportsman. However, it is trout fishing which has given the Treasure State the nation's top billing by well known writers. Anyone can catch Montana trout. Yes, anyone! ✦ For variety and numbers of big game, as mentioned previously, Montana ranks tops in the nation—a hunting paradise unsurpassed even by Alaska! Excellent upland birds and waterfowl shooting extend the hunter's season and add to the bag potential, leaving small game with the back seat, simply because most hunters are too busy on bigger prey. ✦ The immense playground of the wilderness and prairies of the 4th largest state, therefore, provides sportsmen with some of the world's best in hunting, fishing, camping, hiking, photography, horseback riding, and unsurpassed scenic enjoyment of natural wonderlands. Even our eastern Montana badlands (once tropical jungles) are now abundant with game for the sportsman, particularly deer, antelope, sage hen, turkey, coyote and wolves. And Makosika is a spectacular free State Park of infinite rock-formation surprises. ✦ Unlike some areas, Montana's superb wilderness and back country is easily reached by packing in, with seasoned outfitters and dude ranchers offering their wares. (Montana has more dude ranches than any other state.) Of course, it is a do-it-yourself venture, too, for those who seek real out-door adventure. Perhaps most important to the visitor is that most recreational potentials are within sight of their station wagons, trailer houses or truck campers. Picnicking and camping begins at the back door of most Montana communities—where in only minutes the scene changes quickly from city to country, wilderness, or prairie parks. Sleeping bags and tents are an established way-of-life. ✦ Extensive boating is not only uncrowded, but readily accessible, with waters running from the incredibly haunting scenic wilderness type lake to valley streams and prairie concourses. Giant hydro-electric reservoirs, and numerous natural scenic lakes are just made for boating, swimming and top fishing combination. Montana has 1402 miles of inland water area. ✦ Two giant playgrounds of the nation, scenic Glacier Park (established 1910) and unusual Yellowstone National Park (1872, the nation's oldest and largest), are among the state's most popular and fascinating recreational offerings, entertaining some 3 million visitors annually. Numerous state parks, national and state monuments, unusual historical sites and relics, over 100 ghost towns, restored mining centers and other scenic attractions, make Montana a vast center of recreation. ✦ Seasons? All four provide fun and relaxation. Winter sports created 21 state ski courses—from nationally recognized chair-lift resorts to snow-bunny weekend runs. Golfing at any one of the 36 local clubs starts from any snow-free day of spring and goes on far into an average winter. ✦ Rock, fossil, and gem hunting are supreme at hundreds of abandoned mine dumps, stone-rich fields and treasure-filled mountains. ✦ There also are unlimited spectator events during the year. Some 30-odd fairs and innumerable rodeos offer unusual thrills and spectacles. Local parades, Indian dances, and cattle roundups occur almost daily somewhere in Montana. Of course, there is some of the greatest scenery-gawking anywhere. In the Centennial year everything has been accelerated. ✦ Discover Montana and you'll discover supreme western-style recreation and relaxation in the nation's top RECREATIONAL ARENA! *(end)*

Buttreys

... serving Montana since 1902!

30 Locations...

bringing Montanans a wide variety of high quality merchandise at low prices in an atmosphere of friendly and dependable service!

Buttrey Foods, inc. - F. A. Buttrey Co.

The world's most beautiful plant locations await you in Montana where industrial power rates are among the lowest 8% in the nation.

MONTANA STATE LIBRARY
1515 E. [illegible] AVENUE
PO BOX [illegible]
HELENA MT 59620-[illegible]800